THE VICEROY OF Catalonia, OR, The Double CUCKOLD.

Made English by *James Morgan*, Gent.

Fronti nulla Fides——

Juven.

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Rog. L'Estrange.

TO

All Secure

In their own Thoughts

AND

Undiſcovered CUCKOLDS.

Gentlemen,

AS *I doubt not, on one ſide, but this Title comprehends, in reality, a moſt numerous and powerfull Party, and am proud and full of confidence having put my ſelf under your Protection,* ——— Cornua ſumo; *ſo on the other ſide I loſe much of my aſſurance, when I conſider that it is to deſtroy the very being of your happy condition, to imagine that any of you will think your ſelves concern'd in this Dedica-*

tion, ſince that very thought would make you really ceaſe to be ſo, and rank you in another herd amongſt the Jealous and ſuſpicious, to whom I do not apply my ſelf. It is to you (Gentlemen) I ſpeak, who are ſure you are not ſpoken to; It is to you only our reſolute Don Gabriel *ſubmits himſelf, though at the ſame time like a blunt Souldier as he is, he tells you, that even to you he yields in nothing but his fortune, which it ſeems, was ſo obſtinately bent to force upon him the knowledge of that fatall ſecret, as he was to avoid it; and though he confeſſes he was guilty of much meakneſs in permitting himſelf to be carried away by the importunity of* Don Fernand, *even ſo far as to watch the actions of his Wife, (a horrid ſin in it ſelf) yet he deſires you to believe that even in that action he never conſented to any thought that ſuggeſted to him the leaſt doubt of her Virtue,*

but arm'd his ſoul with a ſtrong contempt of Don Fernands *Jealous humour*; In fine, *he had ſtill been as happy as any of you, had not his unkinde deſtiny peeviſhly forced upon him that ſecret which your kinder fates ſo carefully keep from you, doubly kinde indeed, ſince they both take from you the knowledge of a reality which would deſtroy your happineſs, and with the Idea of an imaginary thing (your Wives virtue) no where exiſtent but in your own brains, make you really happy: Here he ſubmits and acknowledges the advantages your favourable ſtars have given you over him; he adores that heaven of happineſſe from which he is fallen, and inſtead of giving thanks to his officious friend* Don Fernand, *or others, who had contributed to awake him out of his golden dream of ſecurity, he crys out with the Grecian in* Horace,

——pol me occidiſtis amici
Non ſervaſtis ——————

Don Fernand *on the other ſide, though he ſtands in need of friends, deſerves no favour from you : A Jealous mad man; he ſwears you are all Cuckolds , but believe him not ; believe him, ſayd I* [illegible] *you know he lyes : Poor envious Cuckold, he would diſturb the quiet ſecurity of your thoughts , and uſe you as he has done* Don Gabriel ; *but hearken not to him, and if ever you fall into* Don Gabriel's *misfortune of knowing what you would not know, let it never be juſtly objected to you that you did in the leaſt contribute to your own unhappineſſe; but confirm your hearts in your juſt contempt of thoſe miſerable wretches , of whom it is ſo fitly ſaid, that I need not name my Authour.*

Rather

Dedicatory.

Rather then not be knowing,
they will know,
What being known creates their
certain wo.

This is the advice of the brave Souldier Don Gabriel, *who has been try'd in both fortunes ; And this is highly recommended to you by him, who as much as any one, desires the continuance of your happy ignorance.*

James Morgan.

The

The Double Cuckold.

IN the Reign of *Philip* the Second, a Gentleman named *Don Fernand* govern'd in *Catalonia* in quality of *Vice-Roy*, a man (to give him his true Character) of a moſt agreeable humour, and endued with extraordinary quality; but much addicted to pleaſures, and above all, to thoſe of Love, which he purſued even with the hazard of his reputation.

He marryed one of the greateſt beauties of *Spain*, a virtuous young Lady, and of ſo pleaſant a wit and humour, that any other but he would have found reaſon to have been highly ſatisfy'd in her; but there are ſome husbands who think no women ſo bad as their own, of which Number *Don Fernand* was. The quiet poſſeſſion pal-

led him, and being diſguſted with the continual ſerving up of the ſame diet, he was reſolv'd to divert himſelf with change when he could, at the Expence of others.

He had for theſe ſome months us'd to hunt upon the grounds belonging to the *Grand Maſter* of the Artillery; whoſe wife, though not altogether ſo abſolute a beauty as his own, yet ſhone with ſo many charms, as that few of her ſex could ſtand in competition with her; and withall, was extreamly pleaſant and divertive in her humour, and of the moſt pleaſant and gallant wit in the world. ——In a word, a Woman exactly fram'd to his own mould, and temper.

The *Grand Maſter* was a man perfectly cut out for War, and ſo conſequently, you may gueſs, very unfit for the Court. He bent all his minde to the duty of his charge,

charge, and left the Affairs of his houſe to the manage of his Wife, of whom he had a good opinion, being of a temper, contrary to the Genius of thoſe of his Countrey, not at all inclined to the yellows.

Some relation between him and the *Vice Roy*; together with the friendſhip that was contracted between the two Ladyes who had been long acquainted, ſerved for an inducement to bring the *Grand Maſter* to Court, where *Don Fernand* would needs honour him with a particular apartment.

Hitherto all went well; neither did any one perceive the *Vice-Roy's* deſigne upon *Donna Angelica* (ſo was the *Grand-Maſters* Lady called:) he ſpoke not to her but with his eyes, and by his handkerchief, which in that Country, ſerves for a Love-Interpreter as well as the eyes; But now ſince of an outward he had made a domeſticque Amour,

the convenience of daily seeing and entertaining the object of his Ardent affections, encreased his passion to such a height, that it could be no longer kept a reserve from the quick sight of so penetrating a Lady as his was.

A little Jealousy is sufficient to disunite two women; A bare suspicion will dissolve the strongest tye of friendship that can be between them. The *Vice Roy's* Lady began to look very indifferently upon *Donna Angelica* without assigning to her any reason for it: For most commonly one Woman does not love to betray the jealousy she possibly may have of another; that seems to her to be such a point of honour, as she will never, but in the last extremity, and when she is no longer capable of concealing it, discover the reproachfull signes of this weak passion in her.

Donna Angelica soon perceived the

the change, and as ſoon gueſt the occaſion of it; yet ſhe behaved her ſelf in her uſual manner towards the *Vice Roys* Lady. A Woman takes an extream pleaſure to ſee her ſelf beloved, eſpecially by a perſon of quality and deſerving merit as *Don Fernand* was; But *Donna Angelica* ſhewed ſo much diſcretion in her converſation with him, that his Lady had nothing to ground a quarrel on. But that diſcretion was wanting in him, whoſe paſſion was raiſed to ſuch a heighth, that it was not in his power to reſtrain it.

The *Vice-Roy's* Lady, who would no longer ſerve them towards the convenience of their interviews, ſeeing that *Donna Angelica* abated nothing of her free and indifferent carriage, he refus'd her the ordinary civility of entring into her Chamber, where ſhe us'd frequently to wait on her; and which had

ſerv'd the *Vice-Roy* as a pretence in his Viſits to her. *Donna Angelica* could not diſſemble this affront, the injuſtice of it being too great conſidering the freedome of her converſation wherewith ſhe had hitherto treated *Don Fernand*; and ſhe was now reſolv'd to be reveng'd, and ſpare nothing whereby ſhe could be able to make her jealous in good earneſt.

It is ſomething dangerous to provoke an Enemy, when it lyes in his power to do us more miſchief then yet he has done: *Donna Angelica* had no ſooner ſeen the *Vice-Roy*, but aſſuming to her ſelf a more ſerious countenance then ordinary; Sir (ſays ſhe) I know not what pleaſure you can take in making diſſention betwixt your Lady and me. I, Madam? anſwered *Don Fernand*, abſolutely aſtoniſht at the Reproach ſhe made him: yes, you, your ſelf, replys ſhe:

ſhe: you make her by ſome of your actions imagine that you love me, and ſhe by hers would confirm me in my belief of the ſame. I did not think, anſwered the *Vice-Roy*, ſmiling, that I could ever have been ſo much oblig'd to my Wives ill humour, as that ſhe ſhould make a declaration of love for me; but ſince it is ſo, Madam, I wiſh ſhe may always continue it, for I ſwear to you, nothing is ſo true as what ſhe would perſwade you to; And Madam, I love you to ſuch a degree as no man yet ever loved before me. I perceive (replys ſhe) that ſhe is already extremely jealous, but ſhe ſhall be ſufficiently puniſht for it. Yes, Madam, replyed the *Vice-Roy*, if you would but love me a little; Not ſo, replied ſhe, although indeed any other would do it perhaps through revenge, if not through inclination; but, added

ſhe, laughing, I deſire not to puſh on my revenge ſo far.

This Diſcourſe was interrupted by ſome Ladies who came to viſit *Donna Angelica*, and the *Vice-Roy* being oblig'd for that time to retire, writ a Letter to the Lady the ſame day to this purpoſe.

Revenge your ſelf, Madam, revenge your ſelf of the Vice-Queen, who has had the Curioſity to pry into the ſecrets of my heart; ſhe is perſwaded that none can have ſo tender and ardent a paſſion as that I bear you; that I think of none but you, that I ſeek nothing but you, and that I have no pleaſure but when I ſee you, and am ſo happy as to be in your company. It ſeems ſhe has penetrated into the moſt ſecret folding of my ſoul, and you ought to be angry with her in earneſt; for ſince this offends you, and it is to your reſentment I muſt owe your kindeneſſe, I would wiſh to ſee you ſo incens'd againſt her

as

as may make me truly happy; at leaſt you cannot chooſe a fitter revenge; all the miſchief will fall upon her, and we alone ſhall enjoy the pleaſure. Once more, Madam, let me beg of you to take your revenge; for though there were no ſubject for it, you will however but do an act of juſtice, in beſtowing a little love upon a man, who is not altogether unworthy of ſome place in your heart, being

Don Fernand.

This Letter was deliver'd to *Donna Angelica*, which ſhe read not without a ſmile, but returned him no anſwer; nevertheleſs the *Vice-Roy* from this time, ſaw that his affairs were not attended with any extraordinary ill Circumſtances.

The Vice-Queen perceived ſhe had committed an errour, and that by refuſing *Donna Angelica* the priviledge of her Chamber, ſhe had given her treacherous husband a

fair occaſion to ſee her in private. Her Jealouſy dayly encreas'd, ſhe imagin'd a thouſand times more then was indeed, and ſhe ſuffer'd more trouble in one poor moment, by what ſhe ſaw not, then ſhe had in many days by what ſhe had ſeen: ſhe was forced to change her conduct, and to feign a deſire of renewing her friendſhip with a Woman whom ſhe hated more then Death. To how ſad a point is a poor Lady reduced, when ſhe is ſo innocent as to trouble her ſelf about the little follyes of her husband, and dares not render him *quid pro quo*! She would fain have had this ſatisfaction (though a very afflictive one) of ſeeing what paſſed betwixt theſe two perfidious creatures, and puting a check to their pleaſure by her preſence, for ſhe was from morning till night either with the one or the other.

The *Vice-Roy* was extreamly

weary

weary of her everlaſting company, He could have wiſht with all his heart, that ſhe had continued her ill humour and quarrel to *Donna Angelica*. Whatever he did, ſhe would make one: if he walk't out, ſhe did ſo too; if he went to pay a viſit to *Donna Angelica*, ſhe followed him, and would be the laſt there; I leave it for your marry'd, young, Brisk Gallants to judge, whether this was not damnable troubleſome. He knew not what to do: *Donna Angelica*, who loved him not to the expence of her Reputation, would contribute nothing, on her part to make him more happy, for fear of giving the Vice-Queen an advantage over her, who poſſibly waited but for an opportunity to ruine her. So that being in deſpair with anger and vexation, after having ſought a thouſand ways to rid himſelf of this trouble, without meeting ſucceſs in any, he at

laſt

laſt bethought himſelf of an expedient queint enough, and ſuch as few *Spaniards* would have thought on. But the *Aſcendant* of Love often carryes them above that of their Nation. He believ'd that Women were not jealous of their Husbands, but for want of ſomething elſe to amuſe them, and that, as one paſſion drives away another, he ſhould quickly put an end to the Vice-Queens jealouſy, if he could finde her out a man capable of making a tender impreſſion of Love upon her. He ſtudyed a good while whom he ſhould make choice of, to do him ſo important a ſervice, without prejudice to his honour: the affair was pretty nice and delicate; but when a man loves to that degree that he loved, and is fir'd with the thoughts of injoying thoſe pleaſures he was in ſearch of, he muſt paſſe by a great many ſuch ſcrupulofities.

Infine,

In fine, having run over in his minde all the Gallants of his Court, that were capable of inſpiring Love into the breaſt of a young Lady, he caſt his eyes at laſt upon a young *Neapolitan* Lord, ſomething ally'd to him, and for whom he had procur'd a Regiment of foot; and who was newly arrived at *Barcellona*: he was young, full of ſprightly air, for whom the Vice-Queen had already a particular eſteem, and he could not elect a Gentleman more fit for his deſign.

He found him one evening walking alone in the Park, and having taken him with him, he fell into the diſcourſe of the Ladys of *Barcellona*, and, ſmiling, askt him how he found himſelf, whether he had hitherto preſerv'd his liberty, and if he were not engag'd in ſome Amour. My liberty is entire, anſwer'd the young *Neapolitan*. How? replys the *Vice-Roy*, among

ſo

ſo many fair Ladys in this City, has no beauty had the power yet to reach your heart? either you have a very Obdurate one, purſues he, or I muſt believe you have left a Miſtreſs in *Naples* to whom you will not be unfaithfull. Neither the one nor the other, Sir replys the Collonel; I was never amorous, not that I am inſenſible of the paſſion, but the buſineſs and art of Warr pleaſes me better then that of Love. You are young, ſays the *Vice-Roy*, ſmiling, And you ought not to have ſuch Ideas, for the one does not hinder the other, you may make Love and yet very well diſcharge the duty of a Soldier. Nay, I will tell you more then that, continues he; there was never any great and perfect Warriour but who was made ſo by Love; and ſo ingaging him further in that diſcourſe he began to Number up I know not how

many Great Captains, who owed the moſt glorious Actions they ever performed, to the inſpirations of Love; and he concluded at laſt that he muſt imitate their Example if he would not paſs for a *Barbarian*.

Count Henry (for ſo the young *Neopolitan* was called) yielded himſelf to the *Vice Roy's* arguments, but more out of complaiſance, then through any inclination, judging very well that it would not become a young Courtier as he was, to diſpute againſt a paſſion, on which all the World knew the *Vice-Roy* was ſo violently bent: I will court a Miſtreſs then, ſays he, ſince you adviſe me to it. *Don Fernand* demanded of him, whether he would not be content to receive her from his hands; at which propoſition the Count began to laugh, but made no anſwer. Do you fear then, purſued the *Vice-Roy*, that I ſhall not

ſerve

ſerve you to your ſatisfaction ; I know how to acquit my ſelf in ſuch an affair, but too well, *Seignior*, ſays he, and for that very reaſon it will be dangerous to owe that obligation to you : no, no, you need fear nothing , ſays *Don Fernand*, ſmiling ; it is true, I have loved the Lady whom I would willingly beſtow on you for a Miſtreſſe ; but ſhe is at preſent a trouble to me ; and I hate her allmoſt as much as ever I loved her. What a fine preſent, Sir, ſays the Count, interrupting him, do you make me then? will not the kindneſs you have for me, inſpire you with ſomething more obliging then to charge me with a Woman you know not what to do with? no Sir, ſays *Don Fernand*, and I may tell you withall, the offer I make you deſerves not to be refus'd , and there are few men would have been ſo generous as I am in it ; If you

pleaſe

pleaſe Sir, (replys the Count) honour ſome other perſon with your liberality; for I muſt return to what I have already told you, that notwithſtanding the examples of ſo many Heroes that have loved, yet War pleaſes me better. Lord *Henry* ſays the *Vice-Roy*, the perſon I ſpeak of is one of the greateſt beautys in this Kingdom, and in wit and ingenuity not inferiour to any: I believe it, Sir, replys the Count, but ſhe is withall a Woman, peeviſh, conceited, croſſe, ſpitefull, Jealous, imperious, and poſſibly worſe then all this. You do not know, ſays *Don Fernand*, ſmiling, upon him and folding his arms, that it is my Wife you ſpeak of: Yours? anſwers the Count bluſhing, and thinking he had miſunderſtood him: My Vice Queen, replys *Don Fernand*, whom I intend to beſtow on you for a Miſtreſſe: conſider whether ſhe be ſo unworthy of you.

It

It is true, Sir, ſays the Count, bluſhing more and more, I have made ſome viſits to your Lady the Vice-Queen, but it has been with your permiſſion, and I thought I had not been ſo unhappy, as to have cauſed any unjuſt ſuſpicions in you by my conduct: you miſtake me, anſwers the *Vice-Roy*, I tell you, that if you like my Wife, it would pleaſe me extreamly to ſee her made ſenſible of your deſerts; and you will oblige me by endeavouring to make her ſo; do I now ſpeak plain? If this raillery, *Seignior*, anſwers the Count, is but to make a tryal of my reſpect, I declare unto you, I am ſo Religious an obſerver of my duty, that, ſetting aſide the high obligations I have to you, ſo great a Sacriledge would never enter into my thoughts. The *Vice-Roy*, thereupon walkt a while without making any anſwer, and then turning ſuddenly towards the

Count,

Count; all this, ſays he, would be proper for another in another conjuncture, but ſince I deſire not this reſpect or duty from you, can you do me any diſpleaſure, think you, by ſerving me my own way? I tell you again, purſues he, raiſing his voice a little higher, you will oblige me extremely, if you will make love to my Wife, or at leaſt endeavour to make her ſenſible of your love. Count *Henry* more aſtoniſht then ever, at the ſtrangeneſſe of the propoſition, knew not what to think, nor what anſwer to make. At which the *Vice-Roy* laughing, I ſee, ſays he, this diſcourſe ſurpriſes you, and you have reaſon, but I have mine too. I love moſt paſſionately, even more then ever, and the greateſt obſtacle that oppoſes my love, is my Wife, and what would not a paſſionate lover do to remove ſuch an obſtacle: She is jealous, and troubles

troubles me continually with her importunities. What remedy is there for me? I have try'd a thouſand ways in vain, ſhe hath counter-turn'd all my inventions, I am continually wearied with her endleſſe complaints and reproaches. She follows me where ever I goe; and poiſons with her preſence all the pleaſures of my life. I have fancied that ſomething which may amuſe her, would do me knight-ſervice, and much relieve me, and that you are a man very proper to inſpire love into her ſoul. You are young, handſome, pleaſant in your humour, have abundance of wit, and ſhe has an eſteem for you. It is true, ſhe is proud and haughty, but ſtill ſhe is a Woman as others are. For my part, knowing the ſex ſo well, I doubt ſo little of your ſucceſſe; that I muſt deſire you to keep ſuch moderation in it as I may hope from a relation and friend. You

are diſcreet, and I confide in you, you know well enough how far the ſervice I deſire of you ought to extend.

The Count after ſome oppoſition, of accepting ſuch an Employment, either out of complaiſance to the *Vice-Roy*, or elſe becauſe the *Vice-Queen* pleaſed him, at length ſuffered himſelf to be overcome by the *Vice Roys* perſwaſions, which reacht ſo far as to let him underſtand, that he would not complain, though to the prejudice of his honour, this amuſement ſhould happen to be carried on ſomewhat further then he deſired.

Thus they parted, the *Vice Roy* highly ſatisfy'd that he had engaged the Count, in a ſervice, which another would have fear'd to have entred into. And the Count, on the other ſide wondring at the charge of ſuch a Commiſſion as this, which was laid upon him.

He

He had never been very much in love himself, and he could not well conceive, how any one ſhould be ſo far tranſported with that paſſion. The *Vice Roy* was to entertain the Ladies the next night at a ſupper, which was to preſent the New Gallant with an occaſion of entertaining his Miſtreſſe.

The *Vice-Queen*, (as I have already told you) was a very beautiful perſon, and ſuch a one, as *Count Henry* might very well make his applications to, without doing himſelf any conſiderable violence: Yet nevertheleſs becauſe it was a thing put upon him ſo, he found not in him that inclination which no doubt he would have had, had it voluntarily came from his own motion. Though her beauty was exceſſively charming, yet the too prodigal bounty of ſuch a husband, was a great allay to a young heart, which is ſooner engaged by the difficulty

ficulty then the too great facility of the enterpriſe.

He was at this feaſt, where he appear'd ſomething abaſht, and his ſpirit was ſeiz'd with ſuch a melancholy, which was not uſuall in him, for he was generally mighty brisk, and a perſon of one of the beſt humours in the world. The part he was to play had ſomething embroyl'd him, and taken off from his accuſtomed jollity that evening. Not that the declaration of love, which he was to make, ſeem'd ſo difficult to him : there is leſſe trouble in ſaying we love when we do not, then when we do ; but that love is ſo ingenious as to furniſh a man with a thouſand inventions which are impoſſible to come into the fancies of thoſe that are not poſſeſt with that paſſion.

The *Vice-Roys* Lady appear'd that Evening more beautiful then ever ; ſhe gave him fair play, be-

cauſe

cauſe ſhe fell upon him raillingly twice or thrice about his melancholy: But the Count, more frozen and contracted then Ice it ſelf, ſcarce made a word of anſwer to all the raillery that the fair Lady was pleas'd to beſtow upon him. The *Vice-Roy* lookt on him with an eye of pitty; And being aſham'd of his want of confidence, came up to him, and reprocht him with the title of the pooreſt, and moſt pittiful Gallant he ever ſaw in his life, telling him, if there were no better, the Ladies would be very much put to it. Sir, anſwer'd the Count, I will be what you will pleaſe to ordain me, but I proteſt I muſt obey you in it with a world of diſtraction, for I fear you may loſe more by it then you will get. And what does it concern you, briskly anſwer'd the *Vice-Roy*, what I gain or loſe? do but what I deſire you and trouble your ſelf no farther.

The

The Count who could no longer excuſe himſelf, advances towards the *Vice-Queen*, who having alſo a deſire to ſpeak with him, met him almoſt half way, and told him in whiſper, ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him, and deſired him not to go away before ſhe had ſpoke with him. The Count over-joy'd that ſhe had given him ſo fair an occaſion of obeying the *Vice-Roy*, defer'd his Court-ſhip to that time.

When it was grown pretty late and moſt of the company was retir'd, The *Vice-Roy* waited on *Donna Angelica* to her apartment. Which his Lady had no ſooner ſeen, but ſhe made a ſign to the Count to follow her, and ſhe led him into her cloſet, where having made him ſit down by her. My Lord ſays ſhe, what is the cauſe why you are

ſo extream melancholy ? may we not aſk you, purſued ſhe with a moſt charming Air, whether it be not the effect of ſome Inclination ? This queſtion, and the freedom ſhe had us'd towards him all that evening having made him ſuſpect that all this was a trick that the *Vice-Roy* and ſhe had before agreed to play him, and that they had a minde to divert themſelves at his expence, he was upon the point of ſpoiling all, but to ſhew he underſtood raillery ; Madam, anſwered he, ſmiling, I have not been for a month together in ſuch a Court as this is, where there are ſo many fair Ladies capable of inſpiring the moſt tender affection, without feeling the Power of Love : You love then, ſays ſhe, Yes, Madam, I do, replys the Count, ſince it muſt be ſo, how ! ſince it muſt be

be ſo, ſays the Ladys, are you forc'd to it againſt your inclination. No, Madam, replys he, but there are, you know, certain ſtars that incline our hearts which way they pleaſe: ſaying this, he laught, and lookt on the *Vice Queen* with ſuch grimarces, and geſtures, which extremely puzzled her, to comprehend the meaning of what he ſaid to her, and, to make him explain himſelf; may we not know, ſays ſhe, who this beauty is, to whom theſe amorous Influences have inclined your affections? Madam, anſwers he, with a good aſſurance; if you pleaſe to take the pains to conſult your glaſs, it will ſoon ſhew you that beauty. I underſtand you not, ſays ſhe, putting on a ſerious countenance, and I believe being what I am, I do you a favour in not being willing to underſtand you. If I

may pretend to any favour from you, Madam, replys the Count, it is, that you would underſtand me, and be aſſured, that you need not go out of this Cloſet to finde the object that has charm'd me in this Country. You forget your reſpect, Sir, ſays ſhe, and now I ſee how far, the little too much eſteem I had for you, has carry'd you. But if you return not within the limits of your duty, and forbear hereafter ſuch diſcourſes to me, I ſhall be angry in earneſt. You are young, purſues ſhe, ſeeing him ſtruck mute, and theſe are faults which may be excus'd in ſuch as you, if you have a deſigne to love: added ſhe, learn where to addreſſe your ſelf better, and in a place where ſomething may be hoped. Alas, Madam, reply'd he, my ſucceſſe is ſo bad the firſt time, that I ſhould do well never

never to love more. No, no, ſays ſhe, ſmiling, you muſt not deſpair of good ſucceſs : You will finde others more ſenſible of your love then I am, and if you will let me adviſe you, I will tell you where you may direct your Languiſhing Court-ſhip, and I dare engage you will be ſatisfied with the perſon I ſhall chooſe for you.

This adventure was pleaſant enough : for you ſee on the one ſide the Husband, on the other the Wife, endeavoured to beſtow a Miſtreſs on him. But he to croſs-bite'em, pretends to act the part of the Scrupulous Lover, and to make a conſcience of being conſtant to his firſt Affection, and therefore immediately tells her, he cannot promiſe that his heart will be able ſo ſoon to reſolve upon a change, that the choice he had allready made was ſo good,

that nothing could conſole him after ſo bad a ſucceſſe. Nevertheleſſe after a great many motives ſhe laid before him, and even entreatyes which ſhe us'd, he feign'd at length to be overcome; and told her, ſince it was her abſolute pleaſure, he would endeavour to obey her, though he could not do it without forcing his inclinations; and in concluſion, askt her, who it was ſhe had judged proper for the Empire of his heart? She anſwered him preſently, that it was *Donna Angelica*, who had ſpoken to her of him that day in ſuch a manner, as gave her to underſtand ſhe was not inſenſible of his merits, and that if the reſentments ſhe had of him were not tender and amorous, yet they contain'd an eſteem which amounted to little leſſe.

The Count would have been overioy'd

overjoy'd if what the *Vice-Queen* had told him had been true; for of all the Court Ladies, he had ſeen none that pleas'd him ſo well as *Donna Angelica*. The truth was, ſhe had ſpoken very advantagiouſly of him to the *Vice-Roy's* Lady, but it was not without deſigne. The *Vice-Roy*, who conceal'd nothing from her, had acquainted her of the ſnare he had lay'd for his wives heart in the perſon of *Count Henry*: ſo that, *Donna Angelica*, who no leſs then he, intereſſed her ſelf in the ſucceſſe of this plot, was reſolved to help on towards the advancing of it, by prepoſſeſſing the Ladyes heart with the good qualities of this young Gallant.

The young *Neopolitan*, raviſht with joy, that the *Vice-Roys* Lady had ſo happily met his wiſhes, in the choice of *Donna Angelica*, diſſembled, for the time, his ſa-

He only tells her, that after her ſelf, all other beauties were indifferent to him: That he car'd not whom he received, provided it were from her hands; but as for *Donna Angelica*, he had neither acceſſe to her, nor the priviledge of going to her apartment. The *Vice Queen* bids him be at no trouble for that; ſhe would remove all difficulties, and that, if he pleas'd, he might ſee her, and ſpeak to her in her chamber, where ſhe came every day.

It is eaſy to gueſs what the deſign of the *Vice-Queen* was, in making a love intrigue between *Donna Angelica* and the Count. The employ was ſomething beneath her quality. But where the intereſt of the heart is concernd, we paſs by the nice ſcruples of honour. She had a minde to give her husband a Rival, and ſuch a

One

One as might be formidable to him, and one whoſe qualities were too charming, not to be as much beloved as he: For, judging of her conſtancy by the faith ſhe kept to the *Grand Maſter*, ſhe did believe ſhe would not prove more faithfull to her Lover, then ſhe had been to her husband. And indeed ſhe judged well. The tyes of love are as eaſily broke as thoſe of Marriage; and where there is a mutual paſſing of oaths, thoſe of the wife ought to be as binding as thoſe of the Miſtreſs: if the former are violated, the others may very well be ſo too. A perfidious Miſtreſs and unfaithfull wife, are alike.

The Count knew not that it was to *Donna Angelica* the *Vice-Roy* made his pretenſions. This Amour had not as yet made any great noiſe about the Court: he

was a great Gallant and whatever he did in this kind paſſed for a piece of Gallantry which was ordinary to him. He had not as yet acquainted the Count with his love, and the *Vice Queen* conceal'd it from him, for fear the knowledge of it might divert him, and make him ſcrupulous how to be jointly concern'd in a Love-Affair with the *Vice-Roy*. So that, finding *Donna Angelica* a Woman exactly to his humour, he reſolved by the aſſiſtance of ſo powerfull a confident, to attempt ſo fair an enterpriſe. The bare *Idea* of it made him amorous; and he was already impatient to ſee his charming Miſtreſs. The *Vice-Roys* Lady told him he need but come the ſucceeding morning and he might finde *Donna Angelica* with her in her chamber. He retir'd, full of this hope, but was hard-

ly

ly got from her apartment, when he meets with *Don Fernand*, who reprocht him with his negligence: Why, Sir, says the Count, interrupting him, do you finde that I have not performed my duty well? I am but now come from the *Vice Queen*, I have been two long hours with her in her closet, where I have sighed, talkt of Love, and feigned an excesse of passion. What would you desire more? I know not what you have done since I saw you, answers the *Vice-Roy*, but a while since, you made me conceive so ill an opinion of you, that I began to lay down all hopes of finding any good relief from you. You were sad, dejected, and said not a word, is that the way to insinuate into the hearts of the young Ladies? That melancholly air that I affected, Sir, answered the Count,

is none of the worſt means to take ſome hearts, at leaſt it was the means that perſuaded your Lady the *Vice Queen* to leade me into her cloſet to ask me what the matter was. And there, in private, I told her what I had to ſay, and I hope, added he ſmiling, you will finde your deſired repoſe. I wiſh I may, anſwered the *Vice-Roy*, not being overfond of entring into the particulars of that Converſation, and, after having encouraged him, to purſue the deſigne, they each went away to their reſpective Apartments.

The morrow following, this new lover, who uſed always to go extream rich in cloaths, took a particular care to pleaſe his Miſtreſſe, in his habit. He found her, as he had been told, with the *Vice Roys* Lady, and as ſoon as they ſaw him come into the chamber,

chamber, they both fell a laughing at the different thoughts they had of this visit each looking upon the other as the pretended Mistresse of this Gallant: It was pleasant to observe the care they both took to render themselves pleasing to him. Do you not see, Madam, says *Donna Angelica* softly, how delicately he is shaped, what a sweet air he has, how particularly gracefull his person is. I observe it all, says the *Vice-Ray's* Lady, being overjoy'd to hear her speak in this manner, and I confess, if I were one of those Women that would entertain a Gallant, I would make choice of *Count Henry*; for *Donna Angelica* did judge by the gentile behaviour of the Count, and the disposition of the Lady, that if no Amour was yet a foot between them, it would soon be begun; And the *Vice-Queen* was perswaded,

perſwaded, that *Donna Angelica*, being perſwaded, as ſhe was, of the merits of the Count, either did already, or would quickly be brought to love him. The Count acquitted himſelf as to his part well enough for a young Schollar. He ſigh'd ſometimes to one, ſometimes to the other, to the ſatisfaction of both. When the *Vice-Roy's* Lady made him a ſigne, he went to *Donna Angelica*, and then returned to her upon the ſilent commands of *Donna Angelica*. Never was man better diverted, all was well received from him, he had the priviledge to do what he pleas'd, and they permitted him, each for the others ſake, all the little liberty that he had a mind to take with them.

Some days paſt in this manner, during which time the *Vice-Roy's* Lady and *Donna Angelica*,

lica, gave themſelves this diverſion, and where the *Vice-Roy* himſelf had no minde to be ſeen for fear of ſpoyling their mirth. The happy Count enjoy'd, alone, theſe fair Ladies company, and grew every day more familiar with them: he was very handſome as to his figure, and of ſo free and aiery a humour, that it ſparkled through all his actions, and his company was very pleaſant and delightfull to them. But *Don Fernand*, who beſides the little advantage he had hitherto got by it, began to fear, that miſchief might happen to his Miſtreſſe, which he intended only for his Wife, grew weary of their divertiſements, and gave *Donna Angelica* notice, that ſhe would do him an extream kindneſs to forbear being ſeen there any more, ſince ſhe was unable further to contribute to that deſigne.

ſigne. But ſhe, who by no means would permit the *Vice-Roy* to concern himſelf about the meaſures of her conduct, and knowing from what motive his advice proceeded, did but laugh at him, and went immediately from dinner to the *Vice-Queen's* chamber, where ſhe was ſure the Count would not fail to be: What is it to me; ſays ſhe, what the *Vice-Roy* deſires, I will not deny my ſelf the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the Count. I never paſs'd my time more pleaſantly then ſince I was acquainted with him. The *Vice-Queen* was of the ſame opinion: they ſought not ſo much now to pleaſe one another, becauſe poſſibly they both loved him, and it may be already repented they had been ſo liberal, and not endeavour'd to retain him each for her ſelf. But, as both of them had a good opinion of their

their own power to charm him, they flattered themſelves with a conceit that they could retrieve him at their pleaſure.

The Count being with the *Vice-Roy's* Lady, and the time of going to take the air drawing on, they propos'd to walk in the Garden, when there came in ſome Ladies, to wait upon the *Vice-Queen*, and their viſit growing ſomewhat tedious, *Donna Angelica* whiſpers the *Vice-Roy's* Lady that ſhe would ſtay for her in the Garden, with the Count, in the Arbor, near the Labyrinth, and ſo they took their leave of her, and went both together.

This Lady did moſt extreamly long to know which of them had the greateſt Empire o're the Counts affections, though ſhe did not much doubt but it was herſelf, his eyes, and all his ways of expreſſions, as well as his

his mouth, had ſufficiently confirm'd her in this belief, but to avoid the ordinary miſtake of women, who are willing to flatter themſelves in this particular, ſhe was reſolv'd to have from him a clear declaration of the truth; and they were no ſooner in the Arbour, but, beginning to laugh after a very charming manner; for a Young Lover, ſays ſhe, *Count Henry*, you have made a great progreſs in a little time: You are but newly arrived in this Court, and you have got already ſuch an eſteem among all the Ladies, that I ſhould not very much flatter you, in ſaying it is arrived even to the point of Love. You are obliging, Madam, anſwer'd the Count, but I ſhould be too happy, were the progreſſe I have made, capable of reaching your heart. My heart, ſays ſhe, with a kinde of ſecret

joy

joy that appear'd in her eyes, you have no thoughts of it, you queſtionleſs take me for the *Vice-Queen*. No, Madam, replys the Count; I know to whom I ſpeak, and if either of us miſtake, it is you, if you imagine my wiſhes and ſighs are addreſſed to the *Vice-Queen*: it is you, Madam, that are their fair object, and they only aſpire at your heart. And, ſeeing ſhe anſwer'd nothing, (for poſſibly ſhe was then at a ſtand what to ſay to him,) he made uſe of her obliging ſilence, and having put one knee to the ground; Madam, ſays he, moſt paſſionately taking one of her fair hands, and giving it a thouſand kiſſes, I have a long while waited for an opportunity to ſwear to you by all that is moſt powerfull, and tender in Love, that not only I never had any other deſign then to love you,

you, but alſo that I never will Love any beſides your ſelf ſo long as I live. As he was ſpeaking in this manner, the *Vice-Roy* who was by Accident then walking in an Alley that led to this Arbour, ſaw him in this poſture; but at the diſtance he was from them, he could not well diſcern whether it were his own Lady, or *Donna Angelica*, that he ſaw. His reaſon would fain perſwade him it muſt be the former, but there were ſome motions of Jealouſie that began to torment him, having made him apprehend it might be the other; he was reſolved to be ſure, and therefore haſtes towards them to know the truth. *Donna Angelica* was the firſt that perceived him, who haſtily making the Count riſe up from the ground; what have you done, Sir, ſays ſhe, the *Vice-Roy* has ſeen you, and I know not

not what he will think of it. Madam, anſwer'd the Count, I know not whether you may have any cauſe to fear on his ſide; but *I* am in deſpair for your ſake, although not in the leaſt for my own. It is upon your account I ſpeak, replies ſhe, and you know not poſſibly the intereſt he will take in it.

The *Vice-Roy* no ſooner knew *Douna Angelica*, but changing colour twice or thrice, according to the different motions wherewith he was agitated, his voice failing, as if he had been ſtabbed to the heart. Certainly Madam, ſays, he, the Count has either receiv'd, or does demand of you ſome extraordinary favour, to be in that ſupplyant poſture I ſaw him in at your feet: One or the other, ſays ſhe, being netled at his words, may poſſibly be true; but you may better

better be informed of it from him then me, to which purpoſe I leave ye together. The *Vice-Roy* would have ſtopt her, but ſhe deſired him to let her go, with ſuch an air, as *Don Fernand* durſt no longer oppoſe her in it.

Never was Lover ſo diſſatisfy'd as the *Vice Roy*. What he had already ſeen almoſt gave him his deaths-wound, and for his comfort afterwards, ſhe fled from his ſight. He walkt about there without ſaying a word, his minde being tortur'd with a thouſand thoughts each more diſtracting then other; and at laſt making a ſtop before the young *Neopolitan*, who was alſo in as dumb a figure as himſelf; by what I perceive, ſays he to him, without looking on him, you are one of thoſe who with great difficulty begin to love, but

but when once they are ſet in, none comes amiſs to them. A few days ſince, you knew not what love meant, now one Miſtreſs is too little for you. The Count which though young and unexperienc'd in theſe affairs, yet had a peircing wit of his own, readily apprehended, by the trouble he ſaw in the *Vice-Roys* countenance, as well as by what he had heard him ſay to *Donna Angelica*, that it was ſhe he was ſo deeply in love withall, and that it was his jealouſy only which had made him ſpeak in that manner, ſo that to repair the ill effect of this laſt adventure, he told him, that he was utterly ignorant of the ground of this reproach which he made him, and that if he were in love, it was with the *Vice-Queen*, and that too in pure obedience to him, and that he had

had not thrown himſelf at the feet of *Donna Angelica*, but to render her his acknowledgments for the many good offices ſhe had done him as to his Lady.

This reaſon, though plauſible enough of it ſelf, did not work a perfect cure upon the minde of the jealous *Don Fernand*, but however he was ſomewhat appeaſed by it. You *Italians*, ſays he, as a ſmall matter obliges you, ſo you carry your acknowledgements to ſuch an exceſs, that one would imagine you had received very high favours, and that no leſs then a perfect ſurrender of all was made to you, when indeed, very little, or nothing is done for you. It was I, continued he, that deſired *Donna Angelica* to ſerve you in your love to my Wife, and it is to me only you are to owe the Obligation. And to leave you nothing

thing more to gueſs of this buſi-neſs, but to repoſe an abſolute confidence in you, It is *Donna Angelica* whom I love, and therefore that you might not be any longer deceiv'd, and that in leaving the *Vice-Queen* to your dividend, let me deſire you that you would forget to caſt your eyes on the other, and to avoid even being ſeen in her compahy, at leaſt in private. If I were in your place I know which of the two would pleaſe me beſt: and I muſt confeſs, there is no woman I could love better then my wife, were ſhe anothers; but ſhe is mine, and that title is ſufficient to give all husbands a diſguſt who are of my humour and conſtitution. Do not think this to be any caprice; moſt marry'd men are of this temper, and I know alſo good ſtore of wives indeavour to imitate them, and

ſo to repay them in the ſame Coyn.

As he was diſcourſing after this manner, the *Vice-Queen*, who as ſoon as ſhe could, had got rid of her viſitants, came haſtily, into the Garden with a reſolution, caus'd partly by curioſity, partly by Jealouſy, to overhear *Donna Angelica's* diſcourſe with the Count, and paſſing through the Labyrinth, that ſhe might not be ſeen, ſhe came to the place time enough to over-hear ſome part of the morall diſcourſe her honeſt husband held with the Count; ſhe liſtned with a great deal of patience, even with that which exceeded other women, and ſhe heard the Count, make her husband this anſwer. Sir, the *Vice Queen* is certainly one of the moſt beautifull perſons under heaven, and a man muſt be then, as you ſay, her husband,

husband, not to love her; but likewiſe, you ought not to fear, that a man who is not her husband, and to whom you have given the liberty of loving her, ſhould not make his advantage of that bleſſing, and ſhould ever dream of engaging himſelf elſewhere: as for my part, I will ſtand firm, as a Rock to this inclination, as long as you ſhall think good to permit me.

This Reſolution of the Count's did a little comfort the *Vice-Queen*, for her husbands contempt, who heartily endeavour'd to perſwade the young Gallant, that he could not make a better choice then that of his Wife, nor finde a more Agreeable husband then himſelf, provided he came not to one particular point, which he kept for a reſerve, leaving him all the reſt. They parted thus from the Arbour and

being come to the Palace together, the *Vice Roy* took his leave to go to *Donna Angelica*, with whom he was to make his peace before he went to bed, if he meant to ſleep quietly that night.

As for the *Vice Queen*, ſhe was walking ſtill in the Garden, making divers reflexions upon what ſhe had heard. What a vexation was it for a perſon of ſo many killing charms as ſhe abounded with, to think of the rare Dialogue, wherein her husband, with his uſuall eloquence, had ſet forth the eſteem and love he had for her. Women of what condition or quality ſoever, can never pardon ſuch kinde of ſlights eſpecially thoſe that are handſome. She call'd him by the moſt injurious names ſhe could invent. Is it poſſible ſays ſhe, that I can be ſo little valu'd, and that a man, for whom

whom I have given my ſelf a thouſand torments, and whom I have loved hitherto even to the contempt of a thouſand that deſerv'd it better, ſhould himſelf labour for his own diſhonour? Oh Heavens! purſues ſhe, this indifference of his, or rather this inſupportable injury he does me, cannot ſufficiently be puniſhed. I ought to content a husband that is of this humour: I have yet the ſame charms and winning looks as I had, wherewith I might allure a thouſand lovers to me, without giving him the trouble of ſeeking them for me; he ſhall not have cauſe to complain on that ſcore. I will ſee how far his patience will extend; and I am a fool my ſelf if I make not Him the greateſt of all mankinde. Let me begin with this young *Neapolitan*, I perceive I am not indifferent to him, and

ſince he is a Gallant I receive from my husbands hands, let me entertain him ſo kindely as that he may have no cauſe to be diſſatisfyed. He will loſe more by it then my ſelf.

With theſe thoughts ſhe bore her ſelf company to her Chamber, and entertain'd her ſelf with them the greateſt part of the night, during which, ſhe confirm'd her ſelf in the reſolution ſhe had taken, of ſeconding her diſloyal husband's good intentions.

When a virtuous woman has taken the pains to convince her ſelf, & is fully perſwaded through the motives of Revenge and honour, that the ſin is excuſable, neither virtue nor honour is of ſtrength ſufficient to oppoſe her.

The Count was extreamly out of humour, that he had met with

with ſo unlucky an encounter, with the *Vice-Roy's* Miſtreſs. He fore ſaw the conſequences of it, and he was not a little troubled at the Reſolution he had taken. To think no longer to love *Donna Angelica* was nonſenſe, becauſe already he was ſo far engag'd; and to continue it, was abſolutely to ruine himſelf. What in the world to do he knew not, as the caſe then ſtood, if he had been able to believe his intereſt in this fair one ſo powerfull, as to perſwade her to agree with him in deceiving the *Vice-Roy*, they might then keep their love ſecret; but he durſt not flatter himſelf ſo far as to that point: he had a deſire, notwithſtanding, to ſatisfy himſelf in this particular, if he could finde ever an opportunity for it without plunging the *Vice-Roy* into new ſuſpicions.

Whilſt he was labouring under this inquietude, he ſaw him come into his Chamber. The Count altogether ſurpriz'd at this viſit preſently judg'd that ſome great important buſineſs had brought him thither; The *Vice-Roy*, obſerving in his Countenance the trouble that lay upon him, to put him out of his pain after he had familiarly ſeated himſelf on the bed ſide where the Count was laid: you ſee, ſays he ſmiling, what it is to be in love by my being up ſo early; when you are as faſt taken in the Amorous lime-twigs as my ſelf, you will then ſleep as little as I do: and paſſing from this little preamble to the occaſion of his viſit, he told him, that *Donna Angelica* was mightily incens'd againſt him, even almoſt to the laſt extremity, for what he had ſayd the evening before, in the Garden:

Garden: You know purſues he, whether I teſtified any kind of regret or jealouſy, when I found you alone with her, though poſſibly I might have had very good ground for both. But however, ſhe has paſt a thouſand ſevere cenſures upon that action. You muſt go wait upon her this morning, and, if ſhe puts you upon that Chapter, endeavour what you can to diſabuſe her; but above all, be ſure to take no Notice that I have ſpoke to you, or that I have in the leaſt made you my confident of my paſſion for her. If ſhe ſpeaks to you of the *Vice Queen*, let her underſtand that all your inclinations are bent that way for her. It is the ordinary frailty of Womenkind to flatter themſelves that they are extreamly admired by the men, and you having ſeen them both together, ſhe perhaps may

think you have made a dividend of your heart betwixt them; but let her underſtand your inclinations, let her ſee your heart is incapable of adoring any more then one Divinity; and that, having made choice of the *Vice-Queen*, you have given up your ſelf abſolutely to be ſubject to her Empire.

After theſe, and a great many other good Remonſtrances, the *Vice Roy* went his way, and the Count, having dreſt himſelf to the moſt advantage he could, directed his way to the Palace, and fouud *Donna Angelita* bright as the day, ſetting before her toilet; ſhe bluſht when ſhe ſaw him, poſſibly at the remembrance of the laſt words he had ſpoke to her, and having made him ſit down, they both remain'd ſilent, perplext, I am apt to believe with the multitude of their

thoughts,

thoughts, rather then want of matter for a discourse. But *Donna Angelica*, unwilling any longer to insult upon the young Lovers disorder took pitty on him thereby to retrive his courage; I thought, says she, you came here to ask my pardon for the boldness you took yesterday in the Evening, but by what I perceive, you have forgot it already. It is true Madam, answers he sighing, I am criminal enough to beg your pardon, since I have been so unhappy as to displease you, but I must confess to you, though I were to expiate my fault with the laying down of my life at your feet, I know not whether I could ever repent of what I sayd to you; and if it be a crime to love you, I am in danger of being, all my life, the greatest criminal in the world. You do not fear then, replys she,

to

to offend me. Alas Madam, ſays he ſighing, I dread your leaſt diſpleaſure, but love is a God more to be fear'd then you. It is high time to explain my ſelf, and I am ſo wretched as not to pleaſe you, let me then at leaſt underſtand my misfortune. Well Sir, ſays ſhe, will you be ſatisfy'd if I tell you, that ſuch a man as you, never ſigh'd in vain; ſhe could not bring forth theſe words without bluſhing, but they ſo ſtrangely poſſeſt our young lover with a joyous tranſport, that flinging himſelf at her knees, he embrac'd them a thouſand times: She made him riſe, and told him, ſmiling, he ſhould have a care the *Vice-Roy* did not finde him again in that poſture, whom he was to look upon as his moſt dangerous enemy. I know it, Madam, ſays he, in a tone wherein there was leſſe aſſurance,

and

and that he is already too well eſtabliſhed in your heart, ever for me to hope to diſplace him: it is not on that point replys ſhe, you ought to fear him, but it is becauſe he will have a watch over your actions, and if we are not wonderfully circumſpect, his jealouſy will bring a great deal of trouble to us both. Then the Count acquainted her with the viſit he had received from him that morning, and the diſcourſe they had held, and that it was by his Order he had made her this viſit, and *in fine* each of them paſſing from theſe confidences, they intruſted one another with their deepeſt reſerves. The Count acquainted her with what had paſs'd between him and the *Vice-Roys* Lady, and *Donna Angelica* to requite him, conceal'd nothing that had paſs'd between the *Vice-Roy* and her ſelf:

Thus

Thus having diverted themſelves, they took their meaſures how to deceive both the *Vice Roy* and his Lady: After which, having made a very fair progreſs in ſo early an Amour, they parted infinitely ſatisfied with each other.

The *Vice Queen*, who uſed every morning to receive a viſit from her dear Gallant, waited for him with more impatience then ever, and began to be quite and clean out with him for tarrying ſo long from her, as if he could have divined the favourable diſpoſitions of her heart towards him that day. She could ſtay no longer, but immediately after dinner, ſhe went to viſit *Donna Angelica*, to hear what was become of him: ſhe was told, he had paſs'd part of the morning in her chamber, which news together, with ſome other melancholly thoughts, put her

clearly

clearly out of all good humour for the reſt of that day.

The Count came not to her till about the Evening, and found her in her chamber very much indiſpos'd, and full of thoughtfulneſs. No doubt ſhe was thinking at that time of him. And ſhe receiv'd him with ſuch an indifference as gave him plainly to underſtand, ſhe had a quarrel with him; and he was not long ere he knew what it was; for, after he had uſed ſome importunities to beſeech her to diſcloſe, ſhe reproach'd him with a thouſand things, many of which he was not guilty of, and which ended all in the viſit he had made that day to *Donna Angelica*, upon which ſhe made a long and ſmart deſcant. The Count anſwer'd her, that if he ſhould be in love with that Lady, he pay'd but the duty of an obedience to

her

her in it: You are a Traytour reply's ſhe, you have obey'd me without repugnance, and it appears but too plain, that I councell'd you nothing, but what was agreable before to your inclinations, and that in refuſing your heart, I only hindred you from becoming perfidious to me. You have yet ſo much power, Madam, anſwer'd the Count, over this heart, that if you pleaſe but to recall the gift you have made of it, it will eaſily return an abſolute Captive to you.

To ſpeak to her in this manner was indeed to deſerve the name of a Traytour; but he had reaſon to apprehend ſome danger from her, as well as from the *Vice Roy*. He plainly ſaw, ſhe had engag'd him in an amour with *Donna Angelica*, whom ſhe mortally hated, but with an intention to ruine her. Moreover, as

as he knew not what was in the breaſt of this fair one, although he had of late diſcover'd ſome encreaſe of her inclination towards him, he did not imagine that what ſhe ſaid to her would be of ſo great a conſequence. But the *Vice Queen*, who really imagin'd, that the Count's inclination was greater towards her rivall, had not any difficulty to be perſwaded to what ſhe was willing to believe, and ſo engag'd him to make his moſt tender addreſſes to her. The young Count, who after he had ſo happily paſs'd the morning, was now full of gallantry, added treachery to treachery, and ſaid to her, all he could have ſaid to *Donna Angelica*, inſomuch that the abuſed *Vice Queen*, furiouſly ſwallow'd all his Courtſhip, and was moſt paſſionately charmed with it.

Theſe ſort of treacheryes, are much

much in uſe as well among men as women; which is the reaſon that we take a ſtricter care, and rely no more upon the faith of words then upon that of looks. The heart it ſelf often proves a great Lyar; what it longs for one day it has an averſion to the next.

The young Count was ſomething tainted with the corruption of the age: and the *Vice-Queen*, though otherwiſe a very ingenious woman, ſuffered herſelf to be deceived, becauſe ſhe extreamly wiſht all things juſt to the ſtandard of the young Courtiers Rhetorick to her.

He ſaw *Donna Angelica*, but it was privately, and from her; he came full of love to make his court to the *Vice Queen*; He uſed the ſame diſguiſe towards the *Vice Roy*, whom *Donna Angelica* treated more favourably, to amuſe

amuſe him, and not to make him ſuſpect that ſhe had any ſecret intregue with *Count Henry*. But it is impoſſible for a jealous man, and a jealous woman long to be abus'd, by thoſe whom love takes pleaſure ſometimes to blinde: It it very difficult when we are poſſeſs'd with a great paſſion to be always on the defenſive part againſt another paſſion: and if we are the leaſt forgetfull before thoſe who watch us narrowly we are ſoon caught.

The *Vice-Queen*, and *Donna Angelica* very ſeldom ſaw one another; the Jealouſie which had already embroyled them on their husbands account, had now alſo diſunited them on the account of a Gallant. As for the *Vice-Roy*, he was well ſatisfy'd with the proceedings of the Count as to his wife, but not as to his Miſtreſs, and while he was at reſt

reſt from the importunity of the former, he was much diſquieted for the love of the other. The ſubmiſſive poſture, in which he had ſeen the *Neapolitan* Count, in the Garden, came continually into his minde, and he had obſerved ſo great a change in *Donna Angelica's* carriage and behaviour ſince that time, who did ſometimes abſent herſelf for half a day together, ſo that no body knew what was become of her, that it gave him ſufficient matter for his thoughts to work on.

The *Vice-Queen* was much happier then; for ſhe imagin'd ſhe had an equal return of Love from the Count, to that ſhe gave him; ſhe ſaw him every day, and took all the liberty with him, that any woman would take who cares not if all the world knows ſhe entertains

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a Gallant : She had a right to it not to be queſtion'd , nay further, none could indeed tell how to ſay any thing againſt it. Her husband would have it ſo : he was a Gallant ſhe had received from his own hand, who had train'd him up on purpoſe to make him pleaſing to her. It is true he had preſcribed him ſome limits , but however the *Vice-Queen* was mightily pleaſed, in that he left her the means of revenging her ſelf on him , and it was in the tranſgreſſion of thoſe limits , that the pleaſure of her revenge conſiſted.

When inclination is joyn'd with revenge, we very ſeldome miſs our blow : and Women eſpecially who have always their revenges ready at hand. The *Vice-Queen* found herſelf one morning extremely inclined not to pardon her husband : ſhe had had

had that night a thouſand pleaſant dreams of the Count, and poſſibly waited only for his coming, to make thoſe dreams out, my traitor of a husband ſays ſhe to her ſelf is abſent, I am alone, and if the Count ſhould come at this inſtant, I know not what I ſhould be able to deny him; And I am very ſure few women in the world would have had my patience. What? abus'd on all ſides by a man, who inſtead of adoring me as he ſhould do; does court another before my face, even to the laſt point of gallantry! nay more, juſt heavens! he ſeeks me out a Gallant to comfort me for his diſloyalty, or rather to amuſe me, he teaches him ways to pleaſe me, nay, and complains of him that he does not pleaſe me enough. Oh! had the moſt virtuous woman living ſuch husbands as mine,

we

we ſhould ſee if their honour were able to hold out againſt ſuch cruel injuries. From theſe thoughts ſhe paſſed to others more agreeable: She repreſented the Count to her minde in a thouſand charming ways; the *Ideas* whereof fill'd her with an impatiency of ſeeing him not to be expreſt. But all the deſires, and languiſhing motions of her ſoul brought him not: Noon day came; and now ſhe prepar'd herſelf to make him a thouſand reproches, being no leſs inraged againſt him then againſt the *Vice-Roy*, though in a very different manner.

The unfortunate Count, was at that time embroyl'd in a very troubleſome buſineſs, and ſo could not much think of her; ſhe had ſent twenty times to his lodging, and as often to *Donna Angelica's*, but could hear no tydings

tydings of him. What misfortune had happened to him, what was become of him, you ſhall now hear.

The jealous *Vice Roy* who had been advertiſ'd by the ſecret ſpys he kept over *Donna Angelica*, that the Count viſited her almoſt every night, had often attempted to ſurpriſe them together; but whether it was the good addreſs of the Gallant, or whether love was ſo kinde to favour them I can't tell; but ſo ſo it was, that they had always the happineſs to come off ſafe: ſo that being almoſt in deſpair, and being infinitely deſirous at what price ſoever, to bring about his deſigne, he had planted one of his ſpys when it juſt began to be dusky, behinde the tapiſtry at her Chamber door, to ſee when the Count came in, or ſhe went out to finde him.

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It is very well if we are but once happy in ſuch an amour: Too much good fortune oft times makes us negligent; and we finde our ſelves very neer a precipice, when we think our ſelves juſt at the Zany of our happineſs: But we ought not to rely too much upon our paſt good fortune, and in matters of danger, we ought to be as vigilant as our Obſervers. Heavens defend all lovers from ſuch a jealous Man as this *Vice Roy* of *Catalonia*, who had abandon'd his Wife to anothers addreſſes, that he might have the pleaſure to make his applications to a Miſtreſs without being troubled in his buſineſs.

He had intelligence brought him about midnight, that his Rival was come, and had ſlipt into a cloſet that was near *Donna Angelica's* chamber. This news tranſported him both with joy

and anger; He diſguiſes himſelf in the habit of one of his men, comes immediately to the cloſet and knocks ſoftly at the door. *Count-Henry* uſed every night to come to that happy place, where when the *Grand Maſter* was in bed, he paſt an hour or two, as affairs would give him leave, in moſt pleaſant converſation with *Donna Angelica*; And now hearing one knock ſo gently at the door, he doubted not but that it was his fair Miſtreſs. He open'd the door ſoftly, and perceived one with a hat on, who endeavour'd to force an entrance; but being young and ſtronger then the aſſailant, he puſht him back, and clapt the door ſo ſuddenly to, that the *Vice-Roy* ran a very great danger of leaving part of his Noſe behind him. Juſt at this time the *Grand Maſter* came from the town, and hearing

hearing a noiſe, as he paſs'd towards his Ladys chamber, he ask't what it was. The *Vice-Roy* had taken care to put out two lights which uſually ſtood there; and hearing the *Grand Maſter's* voice, being ſeiſed with a ſudden fear, (for he would not for the world be ſeen in that diſguiſe) endeavour'd to make his eſcape, which he did not however acquit himſelf ſo well of, but that the *Grand Maſter* in the purſuit regal'd him with his cane; with which he gave him two or three ſevere drubs, crying out theeves, theeves: but he eſcaped for all this happily enough, if this may be call'd a happineſs. *Donna Angelica* heard this alarm in her chamber, but felt it more in her heart. They told her there was a thief that would have broke into her cloſet, but ſhe doubted it was her Dear Count: ſo that

trembling all over with fear, ſhe came out of her chamber, to ſee whether he were taken. The *Grand Maſter* told her he was not, but that he had ſo maul'd him with his cane, that he did not believe he would come thither any more this good while. This news gave the affrighted Lady ſome comfort, not but that ſhe was much concern'd that her dear Gallant had been ſo ill treated. But after the danger ſhe thought he had eſcaped, ſhe thank'd her ſtars that he had come off ſo cheap. Theſe are the fruits of love, which many young lovers have ſometimes gathered before the flowers: ſhe made ſome complaints within herſelf, which being paſt, ſhe could not but laugh at the reflection ſhe made upon the Adventures of Lovers, and how different their days are, one

from

from the other. She knew not that it was the *Vice-Roy*, that had been payd ſo handſomely for his curioſity, and undergon the puniſhment due to his extravagantly jealous humour.

That unfortunate lover came home very much mortifyed as may be imagined, curſing after a ſtrange rate the folly of Love, but yet more *Donna Angelica*; I believe it was a pleaſant ſoliloque he entertained himſelf all that night, and if he had been with her, he had vented his paſſion in dreadfull reproaches. He would not go to bed before he had writ to her a letter which he charged one of his ſervants to deliver her the next morning as ſoon as ſhe was known to be awake; He flowriſhed it over after this manner.

'*You are the moſt ungratefull of* '*all women, and leaſt worthy to be*

'beloved by a man of honour. It is 'in my power to ruine you; but I 'have compaſſion on you. A Luſty 'young Gallant has the happi-'neſſe to pleaſe you, and in the 'night time a cloſet is a very 'good place to hide him from 'your Husbands eyes, and to 'favour your Love. He's a poor 'Husband that relies upon the 'honeſty of his vertuous Wife! 'you may abuſe thoſe that will be 'blind, for my part thanks be to 'heaven, I have opened my eyes; 'and ſhall look upon yours with the 'ſame indifference, as I would look 'upon the ill conduct of a common 'woman: for you deſerve to be no 'otherwiſe regarded. Don Fernand *'tells you ſo.*

When he had writ this letter, and read it ſeveral times over, he went to bed a little comforted, and reſolved not ſo much as ever to think on *Donna Angelica*

gelica more. But alas! how little does a lover know himſelf, and when we have delivered up our reaſon into the power of paſſion, how little reaſonable are we! No ſoul ever felt any torment comparable to that of the *Vice-Roy* that night. In the morning, when he began to ſlumber, for he was not to expect any ſound ſleep, news was brought him, that the *Grand Maſter* was at the door, and deſired to ſpeak with him. He knew not what ſhould be the cauſe of his coming thither ſo early, unleſs it were to inſult over him for the drubs he had given him with his cane, which he yet felt: he ſent him word that he was not very well, but however he might come in if he had any buſineſs of moment with him. The *Grand Maſter*, who thought it his duty to acquaint him with what had hap-

pened in his apartment, the night before, was not willing to defer telling him, that theeves had broken into the Palace; and that he had come home in the critical minute, to hinder them from ſtealing the pretty curioſities his wife had in her cloſet. He would have told him what ſwinging drubbs he had given one of them with his cane; but the *Vice-Roy* to whom that relation was uneaſy interrupted him, and told him he had heard all that paſſage, and further that it was thought, theſe theeves were ſome ſervants that had a private correſpondence at his houſe: that he ought to watch them as well by day as by night, and that if he would give himſelf the trouble of ſearching that cloſet, he might poſſibly meet with one of them there ſtill. Sir, ſays the *Grand Maſter*, my wife has the key,

key, and there is no way for them to get into it, Except ſhe conſents and opens the door. There may be ſomething in that too for ought you know, replys the *Vice-Roy*, or they may have falſe keys, and I tell you, you ought not to be too confident; for there are familiar Robbers, who many times ſeek ſomething that is above your mony, or your choiſeſt rarities either: what can they ſeek above thoſe, ſays the *Grand Maſter*, interrupting him, it muſt be either my honour, or my Life. As for the former, the virtue of my Wife ſecures that: and as for the other, I have no ground to fear; for I think there's none can ſay I am his enemy: However, replys the *Vice-Roy* to him, go and ſearch that cloſet, and if you finde any one of the theeves there, you may judge by his meen of

what character the reſt are. The *Grand Maſter* took his leave without making any anſwer, and went directly home, Wondring at the reaſons which moved the *Vice-Roy* to ſpeak ſuch things as he did. He came into his wives chamber, who was yet a bed, and had but juſt received and made an end of *Don Fernands* obliging letter: but it madded her to the ſoul. He gave her an account of the diſcourſe he had had with the *Vice-Roy*, and of his imagination that the theeves that had been there the laſt night, were perſons more dangerous then they were aware of, and that he thought ſome or other lay ſtill perdue in the cloſet. Having both of them laught at the *Vice-Roy's* fancy, he would needs go himſelf, and viſit the cloſet: But *Donna Angelica*, who, after the letter ſhe had received from

from the *Vice-Roy*, had reaſon to apprehend ſome treachery, endeavour'd to divert her husband from that curioſity. Do you not ſee plainly, ſays ſhe, that he plays the fool with us. Prethee, how ſhould a thief, purſues ſhe, come into that cloſet, or, if he had a falſe key as he ſpeaks of, could not he eaſily have made his eſcape before this. 'Tis true, ſays the *Grand Maſter*, but the *Vice-Roy* would fain perſwade me, that theſe thieves have greater deſigns then we think for, and he hath left me in a kinde of diſpute whether they aim at my honour, or my life. And how ſhould he know their deſign, ſays *Donna Angelica*, certainly he muſt have ſome intelligence with them if it be ſo. I confeſs, anſwers he, I am a little ſurprized at it, but for his ſatisfaction, and that he may not ſay

I have ſlighted his advice, let us go and ſearch the cloſet. *Donna Angelica* follow'd him, and though ſhe thought her ſelf ſecure as to matter of the Count, yet her heart did ſtrangely beat within her at the apprehenſion of ſomething, though ſhe knew not what. But in ſhort they did ſearch the cloſet, though they found no body: The *Grand Maſter* was not ſatisfy'd with that, but he was reſolved to ſearch likewiſe all the chambers and go the round, that ſo he might be able to give the better account to the *Vice-Roy*, and there was not a corner, wardrobe, no nor even a cheſt of any conſiderable bigneſs but he pryed into it. After all this labour to no purpoſe, he went to give an exact account to *Don Fernand*, and was very importunate with him to know the reaſon of thoſe ſuſpicions

ſuſpicions he had taken up concerning the thieves ; but the good *Vice-Roy* had no diſpoſition to extend his reſentments ſo far, and pretend to make a diſcovery of things which he was not able to go through with ſo effectually as he could have wiſh'd ; which cauſed the *Grand Maſter* to think no more of the buſineſs ; and only to fancy that he might perhaps be ſubject to viſions.

Donna Angelica, was in no ſmall perplexitie : ſhe underſtood by *Don Fernand's* letter that he was acquainted with what had paſt the night before, and that he knew ſhe was wont to entertain the Count in that cloſet : This did extreamly plunge her, and ſhe could not apprehend how the *Vice-Roy* ſhould come to the knowledge of all this ; for ſhe did not in the leaſt imagine that

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it was he on whom the unlucky Cataſtrophe of that ſcene had fallen. In ſhort ſhe knew not what to believe of it, and ſhe reſolved to write to the Count, to ſee whether he could not any better clear up this miſtery to her. She ſent a meſſenger to him, in whom ſhe repos'd a great deal of truſt, who after having ſought him two or three hours in vain, return'd to her with the letter, telling her he could neither finde him nor hear any news of him. But all this daunted not *Donna Angelica*, who imagin'd he might poſſibly have received ſome ſmall hurt from her husband which might oblige him to conceal himſelf, from the ſight of his acquaintance, who might have made ſome conjectures upon it, perhaps to diſadvantage; ſhe was nevertheleſſe very much diſquieted, and thought it

ſtrange

ſtrange, that he ſhould not have the civility, or kindneſs to write to her after ſuch an adventure, as that, which he could not but imagine would create her a great deal of uneaſineſs. She ſtood at the cloſet window, which lookt towards the ſea, and reflecting upon all that had happened to her, ſhe ſigh'd and complain'd of the negligence of her lover; when, caſting her eyes by accident on the platform that was under the window, ſhe ſaw in a little lodge built for a ſentinel, a man that made her a ſign with his hand, not daring to ſhew himſelf, for fear of being ſeen, from ſome other windows of the Palace which look'd that way. She lookt earneſtly upon him, not knowing at firſt who it might be; but at length, not without a great ſurpriſe, ſhe diſcovered him to be her dear Count,

which

which gave her no ſmall trouble. There were upon this platform two *Culverins*; but the place being almoſt inacceſſible; they were little lookt after, and that gate which went to them was never open'd but when they had an occaſion to diſcharge them: ſo that there was no danger of his being ſought for there; but the main difficulty was how to get him from thence. The window was ſo high, that ſhe could not imagine how he could get down without hurting himſelf. But they could do nothing before night came on; that was the only time to remedy all. She writ to him in the mean while ſeveral little notes to comfort him, which ſhe threw down together with ſome ſweet-meats, and indeed whilſt he was under that ſevere fatality, without having any thing to eat, I am apt

to

to think he really wanted ſome ſuch refreſhment as that, or elſe the comfort of her letters was not of it ſelf ſufficient to keep up his drooping ſpirits.

Night came at laſt, having been long wiſht for by both the lovers; and *Donna Angelica* having thrown him down a ſtrong rope which ſhe had prepar'd for that purpoſe, the young Gallant mounted up to the window with an incomparable addreſs, and you may gueſs that what he had eaten that day had not very much overcharged him. What a joy was it to the fair *Angelica* to ſee him in her cloſet? it was ſuch as could not be moderated but by the fear of ſome new misfortune which might happen to them.

The Count acquainted her with all the accidents of the precedent night, and with what had obliged

ged him to leap down upon the platform: ſhe, on her part, told him the conſequence of that adventure, what alarms it gave her on his account, and the *Grand Maſters* diſcourſe thereupon with the *Vice-Roy*.

They concluded that it muſt be ſome of the *Vice-Roy*'s ſpys, or poſſibly he himſelf that had been ſo ſhrewdly beaten. Then laught at the thoughs of it, and they would have carryed the diſcourſe out further, but reflecting upon the preſent Juncture of affairs, they concluded they had raillied at it ſufficiently, and it was time the Count ſhould withdraw, not doubting but that they ſhould be now more narrowly watched then ever; ſo that the pleaſure of ſeeing one another, and of being together, giving way to the danger that threatned them both, they began

to

to ſtudy which way the Count might get out of her apartment, and not be diſcover'd. There were in this cloſet ſome womens cloths, and the Count being of no extraordinary ſtature, *Donna Angelica* even ventur'd to dreſs him up in one of thoſe, and found they fitted him extraordinary well: ſhe had no ſooner got them on, but the *Grand Maſter* knocks at the door; *Donna Angelica*, though trembling with fear was forc'd to open it; and her husband ſeeing the young Lady, askt her whether that were one of the thieves the *Vice-Roy* would have him fear, and ſo went out again, not ſtaying for an anſwer, which happened very well to his Lady, for I believe at that time ſhe was in no extraordinary good condition to make him one, ſufficient to paſs muſter.

After

After ſuch a deliverance, we cannot think our two lovers would defer any longer taking their leaves of one another: The Count, having ſaluted his fair Miſtreſs two or three times got out very happily, and came ſafe home to his lodging. The next morning, he was no ſooner out of his bed, but he received this letter from the *Vice-Queen*.

'*For a young lover*, Count, '*your paſſion is very cold: what!* '*Is th' the love you have promis'd* '*me? to let ſlip a whole day without* '*ſeeing me: Nay, ſo much as with-* '*out ſending to inquire after my* '*health! I finde ſir I muſt even* '*teach you your duty: But that is* '*a little too much; however I have* '*compaſſion on you: You are young,* '*and it ſeems you know not yet what* '*it is to be deeply in love. But* '*come to me, for I have reſolved to* '*make you happier to day then you*

'*could*

'could reaſonably expect. Adieu, I 'ſhall expect you at ten of the clock 'this morning, fail not to come.

The Count went to ſee her; and, after ſome few Love quarrels for his ſo long abſence, for which he excus'd himſelf as well as he could, they entred into a more particular converſation, in which the *Vice-Queen* us'd all her charms to ſet him on fire. *Count Henry*, whoſe ſpirit was under no conſtraint as to this fair one, ſpoke the moſt endearing and moſt gallant things to her in the world, and ſuch as poſſibly he could not have ſaid had he been extraordinarily in love; for Love, though it ſuggeſts ſome times very good thoughts to us, yet it does not inſpire us with the boldneſſe of ſpeaking them. The abuſed *Vice-Queen* in the mean time anſwer'd his obliging diſcourſes in ſuch

a manner as diſcover'd how well ſhe was ſatisfy'd ; one thing onely in this Gallant diſpleas'd her ; that having ſo much love for her as he pretended ; he had no more confidence, but ſuffered all his paſſion to conſiſt only in words.

Non voglion le donne inviti ;
Violenze deſian per iſcuſare
Con l'altrui forza i loro appetitu.

She lookt upon the Count with eyes which drew him to her, and as ſoon as he approacht, ſhe puſht him back, now making one complaint, and then another ; and *in fine*, like a woman who ſought an occaſion to quarrel, and at the ſame time was deſirous to make peace ; though I leave it to the Reader to judge what war and what peace it was ſhe deſir'd : ſhe was in an undreſſe capable to

inſpire any ſoul with the moſt paſſionate tenderneſs ; for, beſides that the *Spaniards* have naturally ſomething in them extreamly charming, both art and love had mutually agreed , to make her ſo, and they had dreſt her in ſuch a negligent manner, that was able to poiſon the moſt obdurate hearts. I know not what happen'd between them ; and I ſhould be loath to ſpeak it, though I ſhould know ; but this I know, that, beſides the revenge to which the *Vice-Queen* was carried out, ſhe was not a woman that would be at all the charge of ſuch a ſcene to no purpoſe. A man of honour ſtands much upon his fidelity to his friend, but no principles of honour could reſiſt ſuch powerfull charms. Some days paſt in this manner , during which , the Count, who for ſome reaſons

of

of politie did not viſit *Donna Angelica* but made his court to the *Vice-Queen* to amuſe the *Vice-Roy*. But women are leſſe diſcreet in Love then men, eſpecially when they love as this Lady did. *Donna Angelica* had a dying impatience to ſee the Count, and was angry at him, that he did not rather expoſe himſelf to ſome danger, then ſuffer her to languiſh as ſhe did, and though ſhe had herſelf forbid him for ſome time to come to her, yet ſhe would have had him teſtifyed to her that his love was more powerfull then her prohibition; and that he loved her to ſuch an exceſs, as made him uncapable of obeying her. Beſides theſe complaints which ſhe thought ſhe had reaſon to make of him, ſhe had her jealouſy alſo, which not a little tormented her: ſhe underſtood that he went every day

day to the *Vice-Queen*, and though ſhe had advis'd him to do ſo, the better to conceal their love, yet ſhe was ſo vext at it, that ſhe could not pardon him: inſomuch that ſhe writ him this letter upon that ſubject.

'*When you do not ſee me, the* '*leaſt you can do, is to ſee no body;* '*but you have need of conſolation,* '*and it is in the arms of the* Vice-'Queen *you finde it. Ingratefull* 'man! *what can you ſay to this?* '*will you yet ſay, it is to amuſe her?* '*What can you fear from her: You* '*are a traytour, and you endeavour* '*only to deceive all the world; me* '*you ſhall not, I aſſure you, Adieu.*

What a cruelty was this to the poor Count, into what a gulph of diſpair did the peruſal of this letter plunge him! He thought to go and wait on her that very moment, either to juſtify himſelf, or die at her feet: but leſt

his raſhneſs might ruine them both, he thought he could not uſe too much circumſpection. At length he bethought himſelf, that as he had by the diſguiſe of womans cloths, got undiſcover'd out of her apartment, ſo the ſame diſguiſe might be favourable to him, and get him into it. He was young, handſome, and well ſhaped, his complexion was ſuch as might become a young Lady: and there was no danger, that the *Grand Maſter* with whom he had no acquaintance, and who had ſeen him but once or twice *en paſſant*, ſhould know him. He goes then to a young Lady, one of his intimate friends, and deſires her to furniſh him with a ſuit of womens apparel that might fit him. She brought him one, help'd him on with it, and it became him ſo extreamly

treamly well, that nothing could appear more charming. This done, he takes the ſame Ladys Coach, and being attended by one of her women, that knew nothing of the Intrigue, came to the Pallace. He goes into *Donna Angelica's* apartment, deſires to ſee her, and is admitted into her chamber, under the name of *Donna Brigitta*, a Country-Lady, who came to wait on her from another Lady of her acquaintance. He was no ſooner in the chamber, but to his great confuſion he ſaw the *Vice-Roy* there: But by good fortune *Donna Angelica* who came before him to receive the ſtranger, hindred the *Vice Roy* from obſerving his diſorder. The jeſt was, that ſhe did not know him, and that ſhe would have brought him further into the chamber, but the Count ſoon put her out of her igno-

rance, by ſquezing her hand, and ſhe was ſo extreamly ſurpris'd to ſee him, that ſhe ſtood a good while in a maze, but at laſt ſhe recovered herſelf, and led him into another chamber, and preſently return'd to *Don Fernand.* But with what trouble and diſquiet I leave to the judgment of any woman, that has loved and found herſelf in the like circumſtances: She had with her the moſt dangerous of all her enemies, at leaſt, ſhe lookt upon him as ſuch; though he had an extraordinary paſſion for her; And on the other ſide was the dear object of her deſires, whom for ſome days ſhe had not ſeen, and for the ſight of whom ſhe moſt paſſionately languiſhed.

To compleat all in comes the *Grand-Maſter*, who finding this Lady alone, and underſtanding

ing ſhe ſtay'd for his Wife, who was with the *Vice-Roy*, being a very civil perſon, though naturally no great Courtier, he thought himſelf obliged to keep her company. The Count, as I told you, had a very winning air with him. The *Grand-Maſter* eaſily miſtook him for a Country-Lady; for he had not ſeen any ſo handſome in *Barcelona*, and though he was by his rough diſpoſition not much inclin'd to admire the ſex, yet he found this Lady ſo exceedingly adjuſted to his humour, that he even ſurpaſſed himſelf; he paſſed a thouſand complements on her after this manner: He offer'd, ſhe telling him that ſhe was but newly come to Town, to ſhow her the Artillery, to lead her to the *Arcenall*, and to walk with her upon the ramparts, to ſalute her with the great guns; and a

thouſand other things belonging to his trade of War, and which he thought a handſome woman ought to love as well as he: this was the ſum of his Courtſhip and gallantry to her; The Count, who was very complaiſant, ſeriouſly thanks him, as if thoſe were the greateſt obligations he was capable of laying upon him; and being deſirous to gain his favour, he lookt upon him in ſo obliging a manner, as was enough to gain the abſolute conqueſt of his heart. And no doubt the *Grand-Maſter* would at laſt have made love, had he known how; but as that was not his trade, he contented himſelf with making her ſeveral other, as he thought, ſignall offers of his ſervice, either for herſelf or her friends: And I believe he would have alſo made her a tender of his purſe,

had

had not *Donna Angelica* come in, to whom, according to the *Spaniſh* faſhion, he was to yield his place, though it was extreamly againſt the grain with him ſo to do.

This amorous Lady had a great deal of trouble, to get rid of the *Vice-Roy*, but it was well repar'd by the charming ſight of her dear Count; ſhe lookt on him with admiration, and bluſht, not with anger, for it was not poſſible for her to conſerve any againſt ſo dear, and ſo obliging a Gallant; But rather with love, and jealouſy, to ſee him ſo handſome and ſo attractive in that figure. Perfidious man, ſays ſhe to him, with a charming air, you ſeek every day new ways to ſurpriſe me; but I had ſufficiently been reveng'd on you, had the *Vice-Roy* or the *Grand-Maſter* diſcovered you; for they, you

know, are two enemies, you ought to fear. No, it is your ſelf, Madam, replys the Count, whom I fear more then all the enemies in the world beſides, therefore let me beg of you to give me ſome aſſurance that you are not angry with me, and I ſhall be contented. And who, ſays ſhe, ſighing, can be long angry with you? The very ſight of you pleads your excuſe. Go, ſays ſhe bluſhing, you know too well the way to get your pardon.

I ſhall not go about to acquaint you with the ſequel of this diſcourſe; but we may imagine they would have ſeal'd the articles of a firm peace, had not love, which ſtill delighted to be interfering, ſent them the *Grand-Maſter*, who already being fired with a paſſion for *Donna Brigitta*, could tarry no longer without ſeeing her. He took the

the pretence of telling them, it was dinner time, and desir'd his Wife to perswade the young stranger to dine with them. These two young lovers, who had not had time to make the full advantage of their interview, yielded without difficulty to the *Grand-Masters* request. Only the Count made some scruple for fashions sake, but it was to be the more earnestly entreated, which the Lady did with so good a grace, that she could not be denyed. All dinner time the *Grand-Master* had his eyes fixt upon the fair *Donna Brigitta*, he carved for her, and forgot not to drink her health. The Count and *Donna Angelica* who observed all his earnestness and care, could not forbear laughing at him. The new lover, never had been seen in so good a humour in his life, and

he took a great delight to ſee them meet with ſo pleaſant a diverſion. The Count did as much as the decency of the ſex he had taken upon him would permit, to make him really amorous, who never till then had been in Love with any thing but his ſword. The Count drank the *Grand-Maſters* health, he ſhewed him all the reſpect imaginable, he took all occaſions to oblige him, ſo that the *Grand-Maſter* believ'd he had already got ſome place in *Donna Brigitta's* affection. He ſpoke very highly of her beauty, and ſaid, he was forced to confeſs, having made his excuſes to his Wife, that he had never ſeen a more beautiful Creature in his life. *Donna Angelica* mannaged this ſcene extreamly well, and play'd the part of a good natur'd Wife, telling him, ſhe would ſerve him as his confident, but

gave

gave him warning that he was to expect a Rival. A rival, replies he in a fury, being heated both with love and wine, and who is it that will diſpute here with me? the *Vice-Roy*, anſwers ſhe, if he ſees her; but that ſhall not be here, purſued ſhe, for, as a faithful confident, I will keep her entirely for you, the *Grand-Maſter* was ſo well pleas'd with his wife for this complaiſance, that he could have given her the Empire of the world, if it had been in his power, to expreſs to her the ſence he had of ſuch an extraordinary kindneſs.

Dinner being ended, he kept his wife and *Donna Brigitta* company a little time; but having ſome important buſineſſe that indiſpenſably called him away, he was oblig'd, though with a great deal of regret, to take his leave of them. Whereupon the Count

pretended

pretended he muſt be gone too: but the *Grand-Maſter*, oppos'd it, and imployed, beſides his own importunities, thoſe of his wife, to oblige him to tarry till his return, which ſheuld be within as ſhort a time as poſſible, telling them otherwiſe he would not go, how preſſing ſoever his buſineſs was. *Donna Angellica* frighted with this laſt menace, as well as with that of the falſe *Brigitta*, told him ſhe would take the charge of that affair upon her, and that ſhe would leade the ſtranger into her cloſet, from whence ſhe would not ſuffer her to ſtir, till he return'd. The *Grand-Maſter* earneſtly entreated his wife to be as good as her word, and having waited on them to the cloſet, for the better ſecurity, as well as to ſhew a piece of Gallantry, he lockt them in, & took the key with him.

The

The *Vice-Roy*, who notwithſtanding the juſt ground he might have to complain of this Ladyes imprudent conduct, was now a little reconciled to *Donna Angelica*, being yet uneaſy and diſquieted, ſpent whole days in her Apartment, ſo that not being ſatisfy'd with his mornings viſit, which had laſted three or four hours, he came again after dinner. Having met with no body, and being there well acquainted, he came as far as her chamber, and hearing ſome laughing in the cloſet, He put his ear cloſe to the key-hole, and knew it to be the Counts voice, which made him hearken more attentively, for he was unwilling a word of their diſcourſe ſhould eſcape him. I leave you to judge whether it could be pleaſing to him or no. He reſolved at firſt not to interrupt them, but hear them

them patiently out to the end; but it was hard ſo long to reſtrain the impetuous motions of his troubled ſoul. The more he heard, the more his grief inlarged upon him. But what ſhould he do in this circumſtance; he was almoſt at his wits end, and knew not what was his beſt courſe to take; to knock at the door was a trouble to no purpoſe; he might very well imagine they would not open it, without making him ſpeak, and much leſſe if he ſhould ſpeak; and what meaſure ſoever he ſhould uſe, it would but the more adviſe them to mannage their precaution. If he had follow'd the motion of his firſt thoughts, he had preſently endeavour'd to break open the door; but beſides that the door was ſtrong enough for the efforts he was able to make againſt it, he had ſo much

reaſon

reaſon remaining in him, as to ſee it did by no means become a perſon of his character to uſe that violence in anothers apartment; and if he made any noiſe he apprehended that the worſt conſequences of it, might light upon himſelf. He concluded then, it was his beſt way to wait there without making any buſtle, till they came out: or the *Grand-Maſter* would come in. For he was reſolv'd this time to undo them, and the occaſion was too fair to be ſlipt. Thoſe in the cloſet continued ſtill their merriment. But the deep ſighs the *Vice-Roy* fetch'd, who (ſitting on a chair he had plac'd near the door, the better to overhear them, bit his nails to the blood) having given them ſome ſuſpicion of the truth, made them ſpeak lower, and then it was that the *Vice-Roy* being upon ſentinel, and enrag'd

enrag'd at the heart, not knowing what their ſecret way of diverſion might be, would fain have found ſome deviſe or other to peep in upon them, though he could not well have hoped to ſee any thing there that might be very pleaſing to him.

The *Grand-Maſter* who was under a moſt Violent impatience to ſee *Donna Brigitta*, could no longer defer his return. Thoſe who have never loved, are more violent then others, when they begin to be fired. He left his buſineſs half undone, and ſigh'd all the time of his abſence from her: he could have wiſhed for a winged chariot, to bring him home ſo much the ſooner: but however, at laſt he gets thither, and running directly to the cloſet, he findes, not without great ſurpriſe, the *Vice-Roy* in a very ſad poſture, and with

a countenance which ſufficiently witnes't the confuſion that poſſeſt him; at firſt he made a pleaſant judgement of it, and reaſon'd after this natural manner, what curr of a hound, ſays he to himſelf, is this; no ſooner have I any game here, but he is preſently noſing after it, however he ſeem'd as if he knew nothing, and told him, as he came up to him, that he was amazed to ſee him there alone, and ask'd him, if he knew where his Wife was. You may hear news of her, anſwers the *Vice-Roy*, in a tone that ſufficiently expreſt his aſtoniſhment, if you will but open the cloſet door. The *Grand-Maſter* who had the key in his pocket, would ſeem cunning, and having no deſire that the *Vice-Roy* ſhould ſee the fair *Brigitta* whom he imagined to be the perſon he ſought, knockt at the door, and deſired

desired his Wife to open it, telling her the *Vice-Roy* was there. She answer'd that she could not, and desir'd to be excus'd. The *Grand-Master* being glad of this answer, told *Don Fernand* that he must excuse her this time, that perchance she was doing something she would be loth to have any men witnesses of; I know, replys the *Vice-Roy*, that she is doing something belonging to her sex, but it is such as cannot be done without the assistance of a man, and if you will perswade her to open the door, you will see, she could not have chosen one more gallant, or more young. I understand you, Sir, answered the *Grand-Master* smiling; but as he is, we will let him alone with her; and I hope you will not be more concern'd at it then I. No, I assure you, answer'd

wer'd the *Vice Roy*; But *Don Gabriel*, (ſo the *Grand-Maſter* was called,) deceive not your ſelf, do you know who it is? I know him ſo well, anſwer'd the other, that I my ſelf lockt them in together, and that you may not doubt, purſues he with an air full of raillery, ſee here the key; *Don Fernand*, ſtrangely ſurpris'd to hear him ſpeak in this manner, was ſome time without giving him any anſwer; and after having walkt two or three turns in the chamber, looking him in the face, as if he would reade in his countenance, whether he ſpoke in good earneſt: your temper, ſays he, for a man of honour as you are, in ſuch a circumſtance paſſes my underſtanding. What you pleaſe, anſwers *Don Gabriel* ſmiling ſtill; but all this ſhall not oblige me to ſhew you my Wiv's Gallant.

I know him well enough replys the *Vice-Roy*; ſince it is ſo, anſwer'd *Don Gabriel*, let us leave them in quiet together, for it is not the part of a good natur'd husband to interrupt his wives pleaſures, when ſhe is taking them with her Gallant. The *Vice-Roy*, being more aſtoniſht, knew not what to ſay. He expected the *Grand-Maſters* fury would have made him ſacrifice them both to his reſentment, and he was thinking with himſelf, if he could not divert him from it, at leaſt to indeavour to ſave his Wife: how contrary was the event to his expectation! he makes a jeſt of it; he is agreed with them, and has made himſelf their Goaler. What can the amazed *Don Fernand* imagine but that the *Grand-Maſter* has loſt his wits, or that they have given him a ſpell? he went his way, for he knew

knew not how to deal with a man of this character, and looking upon him with ſcorn, he marched out of the chamber : *Don Gabriel* waited on him; The *Vice-Roy* told him he ought to have more care of his reputation ; the other laughed at the advice, and anſwer'd him only in raillery. *In fine* the *Vice-Roy* left him with the worſt opinion one man could frame of another.

Thoſe that were in the cloſet had not heard all this dialogue without a great deal of concern ; They had both been undone had the *Vice-Roy* perſwaded *Don Gabriel* to open the door ; and they trembled when he came back to them : The ſiege being rais'd, at laſt, ſays he to them, this *Vice-Roy* would be a terrible man, if he did not finde ſome others as cunning as himſelf ; He told them al the diſcourſe they had had,

had, but with ſuch mimicall geſtures, as forc'd them almoſt to burſt with laughing, notwithſtanding the little inclination they had to it. This Comedy had laſted much longer had not the Count, obſerving the trouble *Donna Angelica* was in, occaſioned by the *Vice-Roy*, reſolved to retire.

But what gave them moſt trouble was, that *Don Gabriel* would by all means wait on them, and there was need of all their Rhetorick and addreſs to divert him from it. The fair *Donna Brigitta* made uſe of all the power ſhe had over him; promiſing him that whenſoever ſhe came to Town, ſhe would come and paſs ſome time with them: So that at length he yielded to let her go, and ſhe without any further impediment got to the Ladys lodging, where ſhe changed her cloathes

and

and reaſſumed her former figure.

The next day *Donna Angelica*, impatient to hear news of the feignd *Brigitta* ſent a note which by misfortune fell into the hands of *Don Fernand*, by means of one of his ſpys, which he had plac'd at *Count Henry's* door, to obſerve what paſſed, to whom the meſſenger entruſted the note; taking him for one of the Counts ſervants. The *Vice-Roy* was reading it when he ſaw the *Grand-Maſter* coming to ſpeak with him about ſome important buſineſs, and beginning to laugh, he ask'd him what news of his wives Gallant? they ſaid very pleaſant things to each other, both of them believing they had reaſon to be pleaſant on that ſubject. You are a man of good ſence, Seignior *Don Gabriel*, ſaid *Don Fernand* to him, we are not reſponſible for the follies our wives commit;

commit ; and it is a madneſſe to be diſquieted at them, or to make our reputation depend on them : how many men are there of your humour, and where are the husbands that are not ſubject to the like.

The *Grand-Maſter* who ſaw the *Vice-Roy's* raillery went a little to far, I ſhall come to you, Sir, ſays he, to comfort me in this caſe, when I have need of it ; for you are prepar'd, I ſee, upon this ſubject : but let me tell you, it is no more true, that there was a Gallant yeſterday in the cloſet with my wife, then that there were theives there the other day. I agree with you in that ; anſwers the *Vice-Roy* that the one is as true as the other. But, Sir ſays *Don Gabriel*, the cloſet is not ſo large ; I have eyes, and I think, I know you have eyes, interrupted *Don Fernand*,

mand, but I know too you will not make uſe of them. I told you it was a domeſtick thief who ſought neither your mony, nor your other little Cloſet-knacks; but it ſeems you care not; ſince you are ſo good as to lock him in your ſelf with your wife. What! is that the thief, anſwer'd the *Grand-Maſter*, with a violent laughter, which hinde[illegible] him to purſue his diſcourſe. I wiſh, added he a little after, ſuch thieves would come every day to my houſe, and I promiſe you I will give them liberty to ſteal what they pleaſe. But Sir, to leave you no longer in your errour, I will tell you, the thief you ſpeak of is one of the handſom'ſt women in the Kingdom. A woman, replys the *Vice-Roy*, laughing as well as he, and ſince when is *Count Henry* become a woman? *Count Henry*, ſays *Don*

Gabriel! I think I have ſeen him; but he has not ſuch lineaments, (though this were poſſible) nor ſuch a complexion, nor ſuch a fine neck, nor I know, added he, I am not a man to be ſo deceived, as to take a man for a woman: yet, ſays *Don Fernand*, it was the Count who was yeſterday in the cloſet with *Donna Angelica* and the thief I mentioned the other day. What, the thief that I cudgeld, replys *Don Gabriel*, I ſpeak not of the drubbs you gave a man the other night, anſwers the *Vice-Roy*, but what I have told you is very true. Sir, replys *Don Gabriel*, if my wife had a deſign of making any gallantry ſhe would not ſure elect ſuch a raw young Gallant as he is. The youngeſt men are not the worſt Gallants, reply'd the *Vice-Roy* and youth is ſeldom diſpleaſing in a way of gallantry, nay,

nay, more, I aſſure you, I know his voice too well to be deceiv'd. We are more eaſily deceived, replys the *Grand-Maſter* by our ears, then our eyes. I ſee very well: And I too, ſayd *Don Fernand*, and to convince you fully, reade this Note, which one of your wives Pages deliver'd this morning to a ſervant of mine, whom he took without doubt for another: *Don Gabriel* takes it, and finds in it theſe words.

'*Are you not aſhamed of your neg-*
'*ligence? you ſhould have writ to*
'*me two hours ſince: what ſay I,*
'*two hours? you ought not to have*
'*gone to bed without writing to me,*
'*but I pardon you for* Don Gabriels
'*ſake, who loves you already almoſt*
'*as much as I. Love works every*
'*day great miracles, but this is ſo*
'*extraordinary, that I believe never*
'*any reſembled it. At leaſt I can*
'*ſay, that none but* Donna Bri-

'gitta *has found out the ſecret of* 'reconciling *two ſuch contrary things* 'in the world as *is love and jealouſy;* 'and make *herſelf be equally loved* 'by the husband and wife. *Adieu,* 'if you come not *this day at leaſt* 'write to me.

This Note had no ſuperſcription, and *Don Gabriel*, having read it, askt the *Vice-Roy* what he found in it, that reflected upon his honour, and how he knew it was addreſt to a Gallant, rather then to a Lady. I think it is enough to clear that doubt, anſwers *Don Fernand*, that it was ſent to *Count Henry*; but for your ſake, added he, laughing, I will believe if you will have me, that it was to *Donna Brigitta*, whom the note mentions. Well, replys *Don Gabriel*, riſing to be gone, if I have no other enemies to fear, but the young *Neapolitan*, I hold my ſelf very ſecure

ſecure on that ſide, as to my Wife.

The *Grand-Maſter* having thus left the *Vice-Roy*, came to his wives apartment, and askt her, whether ſhe had writ any note that morning, ſhe who readily ſuſpected the *Vice-Roy* of ſome treachery, anſwer'd him without any trouble, that ſhe had, and that it was to *Donna Brigitta: Don Gabriel* who would have ſworn for his wife's virtue, believed what ſhe ſaid, ſhew'd her the letter the *Vice-Roy* had given him, and told her from the beginning to the end all the diſcourſe they had had together. Whereupon the incenſed *Donna Angelica* ſpoke all that her anger ſuggeſted againſt *Don Fernand.* She told *Don Gabriel* that which moſt troubled her, in the baſeneſs of the *Vice-Roys* actions, was, that not being contented to

uſe all means to create an ill underſtanding betwixt them, he had to her greater diſhonour, charg'd her with a man whom all the Court knew to be the *Vice-Queens* Gallant: And that you may not doubt it, added ſhe, beſides the report that runs abroad of it, I will ſhew you a letter which I found the other day by chance, in which you may ſee what the Lady writes to the Count. She went to the cloſet, and brought one her lover had ſacrificed to her, which he had received but two days before from the *Vice Queen*. The *Grand-Maſter* read it with an inexpreſſable joy, that he had ſomewhat to inſult over the *Vice-Roy* withall: He went inſtantly to finde him out, and, accoſting him with a ſmiling countenance, Sir ſays he, I know not what day this is, but all love

meſſengers

meſſengers are deſtined to miſtakes on it, *Count Henry* has more then one miſtreſſe; a while ſince one of your men ſurpris'd a note which my wife writ to him, and ſee here another which is fallen into the hands of one of my ſervants, and which one of the *Vice Queens* Pages carry'd to the ſame Gallant. Some miſtake on both ſides; but as you had the goodneſſe to deliver me that of my wives, I thought my ſelf obliged to bring you this from yours. Take it Sir, added he, you know the character, I think it is your Ladys. It is ſo, anſwer'd the *Vice Roy* coldly, and began to reade.

'*You have ſcarce left me, my* '*dear Count, but I languiſh to ſee* '*you again, and the ſame pains o-* '*ther lovers ſuffer for a months ab-* '*ſence, I ſuffer them all for that of one* '*night, or a day. Cruell are the minutes*

'*I paſſe without ſeeing you. Return*
'*to morrow more amorous then ever,*
'*if you will repair theſe diſquiets.*
'*The pleaſure of being lov'd by you*
'*is ſo charming to my heart, that*
'*I cannot purchaſe it at too dear a*
'*rate. I find glory in it; honour,*
'*and revenge, and all that another,*
'*would loſe by it. Adieu for ſome*
'*hours; for I hope as ſoon as I*
'*awake to receive the good morrow*
'*from you, from whom alone I ex-*
'*pect my happineſs. Nor do I deſire*
'*to have any more of them, if they*
'*do not come from you, Adieu.*

The *Vice-Roy* having put the note in his pocket; with the ſame coldneſs, he had read it, and looking upon *Don Gabriel* who expected to hear him vent his paſſion in the moſt bitter terms imaginable; what would you have, ſays he, I am one like your ſelf; like me, Sir, replys the *Grand-Maſter* then, methinks

my

my wives Letter ſhould ſpeak ſo as that does of the *Vice-Queens*, but there is a great deal of difference betwixt them. That difference is juſt nothing, anſwers *Don Fernand*, and I tell you, though our wives do not write the ſame, they uſe us both in the ſame manner. Sir, replys the *Grand-Maſter*, if you are willing to believe ſo for your own comfort, I will ſubſcribe to it: but raillery apart, I know what I ought to think, and till you have ſhew'd me as convincing proofs as I bring you, you will give me leave, upon the ſubject of our wives, to put a difference between your fortune, and mine. The *Vice-Roy* told him, it would not be difficult to convince him, provided he will believe his eyes; and *Don Gabriel* having promiſt he would contribute on his part to the diſcovery as much as he

could, they parted, the *Vice-Roy* being reſolv'd not to leave one ſtone unturn'd, to be revenged of the incredulity of the husband, and trechery of the wife; The *Grand-Maſter* deſigning to let him uſe his endeavours, without giving any notice of it to his wife of whoſe loyalty he thought he had no reaſon to entertain the leaſt ſuſpicion.

Count Henry whom *Donna Angelica* had not fail'd to acquaint with all that had paſſed between the *Vice-Roy*, and *Don Gabriel*, went no more to her apartment: but they could not be long without ſeeing each other. They made ſeveral aſſignations, of which very few ſucceeded according to their wiſh, having always found ſome that follow'd them, or gave them ſome interruption. They were obſerv'd not only by the *Vice-Roy* and the *Grand-*

Maſter

Maſter, but by the *Vice Queen* alſo; who, ſome days ſince, became more jealous of the Count then ever, becauſe ſhe ſaw him but ſeldom; and caus'd him to be dogged from morning to night, and follow'd him ſometimes herſelf. The Palace-Garden had been more favourable to them then any other place, whether for the convenience *Donna Angelica* had of going thither without noiſe, or without being follow'd; or that it was not miſtruſted, being always kept carefully lock't. But it is dangerous to go often to one and the ſame place, and in caſe of an amour, the ſureſt way is often to change ſtations.

This Garden was one of the pleaſanteſt of *Catalonia*, the chief country of delicate Gardens. There was in the middle of it a kinde of an inchanted Palace, made

made of trees artificially rang'd, and compos'd into Galleries, Halls, Chambers, and Cloſets, with all their appurtenances, one of the moſt curious pieces of art in the world. There was but one way into this Palace of trees, which was by a drawbridge, it being ſurrounded with a deep mote full of water. The thought of paſſing an hour or two of the night in ſo pleaſant a place, no ſooner preſented it ſelf to our lovers, but they found means to get falſe keys to the Garden-door. The *Vice-Roy* had at length ſome notice of it, and advis'd the *Graud-Maſter*, the better to ſurpriſe them, to tell his wife, that he was to make a journey into the Country for two or three days. *Don Gabriel* who could not yet believe what he heard, conſented to what he deſired of him. The ſpys were ſent into the gar-

den

den early, who immediately got up into the trees to keep ſentinel. It was ſcarce night when they ſaw a man, of a very good preſence, walk towards the green Palace, and within a little while after a brisk jolly Lady, who took the ſame way. They ſtole down from the trees, having no more to do, and having drawn up the bridge according to their orders, they ran preſently to the *Vice-Roy* to acquaint him that they had taken the Quarry. What a joy was this to *Don Fernand*: *Don Gabriel* was neither merry nor ſad. He deſired to know the truth, and then he knew what reſolution to take, if things were ſo as they reported. Now the truth will appear, ſays the *Vice-Roy*, but I muſt beg a favour of you, which is, that you will not be tranſported againſt your wife,

and

and that you will content your ſelf with putting the gallant into the hands of juſtice. I believe anſwers the *Grand-Maſter* that in ſuch affairs we do not take counſel of any perſons, but tell me what you would do your ſelf, ſhould it happen to be your wife. I would ſhut her up in a convent, reply'd the *Vice-Roy*, or ſend her back to her friends, and I beg that favour at your hands, for *Donna Angelica*; For I proteſt to you, I ſhall not endure to ſee a Woman ill-us'd for a misfortune which ſhe ſhould always have reaſon to accuſe me of; ſhew her me, Sir, ſays *Don Gabriel*, and then it will be time enough to interceed for her; but, to tell you the truth, my heart which uſes to give me the firſt alarm, when any ill accident threatens me, does not yet give me the leaſt commotion. *Don-*

Fernand

Fernand begins to laugh, and without any further reply, marches towards the garden, and *Don Gabriel* follow'd him, being each of them attended by five or six ſervants well armed to apprehend the Gallant.

They entred the Garden: the night was ſo dark they could hardly ſee each other; they advanced towards the place, cauſed the bridge to be gently let down, where having commanded their ſervants to tarry, that they might make the leſs noiſe, and withall not to have them for witneſſes of this adventure: Only they two went in, and ſoftly ſtole towards the green-Palace. But it being of a large extent and having a thouſand places wherein to skulk, it was hard in that obſcurity to finde thoſe they ſought. The *Vice-Roy* marcht before, and he would have been pleas'd

pleas'd that *Don Gabriel* ſhould hear part of the diſcourſe between the two lovers, not any longer to doubt of the title with which his wife honourd him. I believe it would have been a pleaſant thing to have ſeen two perſons of their character, animated each by different motions, marching on tiptoe in the dark, ſometimes liſtning, and taking even the noiſe themſelves made for the voice of ſome body; particularly the *Vice-Roy* who intereſſed himſelf ſo much in this affair, that the moving of the leaſt leaf gave him an alarm: They held each other by the hand, as the ſong is; and *Don Fernand* having the Vanguard, was the firſt who met with one; but inſtead of catching, he was caught himſelf. He had ſcarce entr'd one of the Rooms, where he had heard ſome noiſe, but he was ſeiz'd

ſeiz'd by the arm. Moſt treacherous of all men, ſays the perſon that held him, and whom he knew, by her voice, to be his own wife, will you now own your treachery, or will you yet tell me you come hither to ſeek me? I leave it to the Reader to judge whether the *Vice-Roy* were not ſufficiently aſtoniſht, he knew not whether ſhe ſpoke to him in earneſt, or whether ſhe took him for another; But for *Don Gabriel* 'tis hard to expreſſe his joy: Ah wretch! continu'd ſhe, could you after all my kindneſs, betray me in this manner? What pleaſure could you take in abuſing me with a belief that you loved me, was it only to comply with the *Vice-Roy* who choſe you to be my Gallant? why do you not ſpeak to me? I ſhould have been content to have given you a Miſtreſſe as I did,

did, without giving you a heart which you refuse. These words were too clear to leave the astonished *Don Fernand* in any doubt. He would have retir'd, full of confusion with what he had heard; not so much upon her account as *Don Gabriels* who kept close to him behinde, and would needs see the end of this scene which could not but be exceeding pleasant; but before we passe any farther, it will not be amiss for the better understanding of this adventure, to tell you, how the *Vice-Queen* happen'd to be there that night.

I have already spoke of her jealousy, which for some days before tormented her, and caus'd her to observe all the motions of the Count, and sometimes follow'd him in person. She had notice as well as the *Vice-Roy* that he went every night into

the

the Garden, and not doubting but it was to ſee *Donna Angelica* there in private; ſhe went thither by night diſguis'd in man's apparel, to the end ſhe might not be known. The Palace of trees, being the fitteſt place for an interview, ſhe judged they had made choice of it for theirs: ſo that ſhe went thither to wait for them, and a while after ſaw *Donna Angelica* come towards the place; but it being the Count whom ſhe principally ſought, ſhe let her paſſe without interruption. It is true, that in the impetuoſity of her firſt motions when ſhe was near her, ſhe had like to have been tranſported to ſome action, more comformable to her jealouſy, then her ſex.

The ſpys, as I have already told you, went immediately to give the *Vice-Roy* notice: And the Count being come thither preſently

preſently after, was much aſtoniſht to ſee the bridge drawn. He imagin'd there was ſome miſtery in it; He went round the moat to try whether he could hear any noiſe, which might give him ſome further knowledge of that accident. He was reſolved at leaſt not to go out of the garden till he had found to what end this precaution, of drawing up the bridge, had been uſed, and he had a thouſand different imaginations about it. But he had ſcarce made his round, when he heard the *Vice-Roy* and the *Grand-Maſter* comming, and underſtood part of what they ſaid from behind a hedge, under which he skulked till they were gone paſt him. He ſaw them enter into the Green-Palace, and preſently draw up the Bridge, which ſtabbed him to the heart, in that thereby he was deprived of all hope

hope of bringing any ſuccour to *Donna Angelica*: no torment could be equal to his, who doubted not, but the conſequences of this cruell adventure would fall heavy upon his dear Miſtriſſe. The truth is, ſhe was for her part ſtrangely perplext. At firſt ſhe was much ſurpris'd to hear the *Vice-Queen* ſpeak in a place where ſhe not only thought nobody was, but where ſhe ſo little expected her. She roſe up at the noiſe the *Vice-Roy* and the *Grand-Maſter* made, thinking it was the Count, and was going towards them, when on a ſudden ſhe heard the voice of her Rival, reproaching her lover: ſhe was ſeized with fear, and knew not what to undertake in ſo extraordinary an adventure.

The *Vice-Queen* who knew that *Donna Angelica* was in that place, ſpoke in this manner to the falſe Count

on purpoſe, to oblige him to an anſwer, ſuch as ſhe deſir'd *Donna Angelica* ſhould hear. Speak, ungrateful man, purſued ſhe, ſeeing he made no anſwer ; What do you finde in *Donna Angelica* more then in me ! Is it that ſhe is falſe as you are : as for her wit or her beauty, you know us both too well to prefer her to me. Will you tell me, it is to revenge me on the *Vice-Roy* ; No, it is nothing but the pleaſure you take in treachery, that could engage you : for you will not deny but you have lov'd me with paſſion, and have told me a thouſand times that if I pleas'd, you would no more ſee that Lady, and that you had not the leaſt inclination to her ; And in the mean time, while I give my heart entirely to you, and you aſſure me of yours , you caſt your ſelf upon a woman whom

whom you profeſſe not to love.

In all this there was ſomething pleaſing, and ſomething diſagreeable to both the husbands. When any thing was ſaid that diſpleas'd *Don Fernand* he made a ſtep back, and the other puſht him forwards; when it was any thing that reflected on *Don Gabriel*, the *Vice-Roy* pulld him back by the cloak. I have not yet done, purſues the *Vice-Queen*, ſeeing he ſtill kept ſilence, you ſhall not part from me till you have declared which of us two, *Donna Angelica* or I, reigns Empreſs in your heart. I know it muſt be I added ſhe; if you follow the *Vice-Roys* counſell; for you know there is no woman he could love above me, if I were not his own wife already. But follow the dictates of your own heart, and tell me whether you deceive us both, or if I be the only deceived

ved perſon. You onely, Madam, anſwer'd the *Vice-Roy*, in whom the *Spaniſh* flegm began to take fire; you are doubly deceived, purſues he, both in taking me for the Count, and in perſwading your ſelf that he loves you. You did not, purſued he, think me ſo near you, when you made me acquainted with your affairs. No certainly, anſwers ſhe, in a great aſtoniſhment, which nevertheleſs ſhe ſoon overcame, but I am not angry that you heard what I have ſaid, for you know whether you have not deſerv'd all this, and whether any one has contributed to your diſhonour more then your ſelf. All this replys he, might be better told me if I were alone; but here is the *Grand Maſter* with me who poſſibly will laugh at us. The *Grand-Maſter*, replies the *Vice-Queen* to him, has too great

great a ſhare in this Evenings adventure to laugh alone ; and if he will give himſelf the trouble of ſearching all theſe rooms, he will finde a Lady of his acquaintance here who came not hither to meet with him : *Donna Angelica* who was not far off, heard this diſcourſe, and I leave you to judge what her apprehenſions were. The *Grand-Maſter* who knew it was his wife the *Vice Queen* ſpoke of, did but laugh, not ſeeing any probability of her being there : and anſwer'd her, that he did not conceive the Rendevous was intended for two Ladies, ſince there was but one Gallant. It is true ; anſwer'd the Lady, but the aſſignation was made for *Donna Angelica*. Then, Madam, reply'd *Don Gabriel*, what brought you hither ? the ſame ; anſwers ſhe, that brought you, though my

ſucceſſe has been as bad as yours. But, Madam, ſays *Don Gabriel* to her, you ſee I have no reaſon to give credit to what you ſay, ſince by your own confeſſion, you are jealous of my Wife: nevertheleſs if you can ſhew her to me here, I ſhall then believe you. The *Vice-Queen* having told him, he need but ſearch the place: The *Vice-Roy* ſent ſome of his Servants to the Palace for lights, though ſhe endeavourd to oppoſe it, being unwilling to be ſeen in the equipage ſhe was in: But notwithſtanding, the Order was given, and they ſtrait ran to the Palace, to fetch ſome flambeau's.

Don Fernand had no reaſon to be very well ſatisfied with the *Vice-Queen*; though beſides his not loving her, he ſaw, that to give true juſtice to all perſons, the fault lay not wholly at her door;

door ; and that it was but juſt he ſhould ſuffer for his own folly : yet, notwithſtanding all theſe reaſons that made againſt him, and of which he endeavour'd to convince himſelf, he could not but be exceeding vext to think *Don Gabriel* was witneſſe of his ſhame. It was neceſſary, to make the ſcales even, that he ſhould ſhew him *Donna Angelica* and he dyed with impatience to have the lights brought: This unfortunate Lady was in the greateſt perplexity imaginable ; ſhe had hid herſelf under the buſhes, but when ſhe heard them talk of lights, ſhe thought there was no place of ſecurity for her ; ſhe would have made her eſcape, but ſhe found the bridge guarded. What courſe to take ſhe knew not ; She walkt round the Moat with tears in her eyes, demanding of the

night to redouble her darkneſs, to ſave her from the unhappineſs that threatned her; and ſhe was reſolved rather to throw herſelf into the water ſhe ſaw before her, then to be expos'd to the laughter and ſcorn of her moſt cruel enemies: When on a ſudden ſhe diſcovers through that obſcurity the end of a plank, which reſted on the bank of the Moat where ſhe ſtood: She was fearfull at firſt, but taking courage by little and little, examin'd what it was, and could not imagine from whence that ſuccour came: ſhe ſtuck not to venture herſelf upon it, and try to paſſe to the other ſide; but ſhe was ſcarce half-way, when ſhe met a man coming towards her upon the ſame plank: her fear redoubled, and ſhe was juſt upon the point to return back, had ſhe not been ſtopt by

the

the voice of that perſon, who askt, is it you, Madam? Ah my dear Count, anſwer'd ſhe, with an incredable joy, how opportunely has heaven ſent you, to free me from the greateſt misfortunes that could befall me. The Count, (for it was he) gave her his hand, and told her he had been above an hour ſeeking ſome means to relieve her, and that by a great goodneſs of fortune, he had found that plank at the lower end of all the Garden.

Their diſcourſe was not long; the time would not permit it, the lights the *Vice-Roy* had ſent for, appear'd already in the green Palace. They drew away their plank, and having tumbled it into the Moat, they got by a by-way, preſently to the Gate; at which they were uſed to come in; to think how to manage

their affairs, and ſecure themſelves from their jealous obſervers. As they paſt, they could perceive the other three very buſy in ſearch of the fair fugitive. There was not a hole or corner in the Palace, which they left unviſited: Not a buſh unſhaken, and hardly any of the higher graſſe unſearcht; *in fine*, no place though never ſo abſtruſe which was not carefully examin'd, as well by the Maſters, as the ſpys themſelves: who all affirm'd they had ſeen two perſons enter the green Palace, and the *Vice-Queen* more poſitively then they, added for the further credit of the ſtory that it was *Donna Angelica* whom ſhe had ſeen, toucht, and follow'd for ſome time.

The *Grand-Maſter*, as he had reaſon, laught at all this: and even took pleaſure in making them run from one ſide to the other,

other, to no purpoſe, the *Vice-Queen* was abſolutely in the laſt deſpair, and proteſted ſhe would not quit the Garden till ſhe had found *Angelica*. You will finde, ſays *Don Gabriel*, continuing his raillery, that this dangerous Count has carry'd her away; for you muſt needs confeſſe with me, that a woman being alone, and without help, cannot otherwiſe then by enchantment, get out of this place, the bridge being drawn. They had great conteſts on both ſides, which at laſt ended in the common confuſion both of the *Vice-Roy* and his Lady, who being weary at length with their unprofitable ſearch, took their way to the Palace. *Don Fernand*, nevertheleſſe, commanded that the bridge ſhould remain drawn all the night, and that guard ſhould be kept, intending the next morn-

ing to renew the ſearch. To what end, ſays the *Grand-Maſter* is all this precaution, but to cheriſh ſo many idle imaginations of your own brain : Sometimes a thief is in my Wives cloſet, another time a Gallant transform'd into the Country-Lady, and now to conclude all theſe adventures, I am to finde my Wife, by night in the Garden with *Count Henry*, where inſtead of her I meet with yours, who takes you for that young Gallant. What ought I to infer from all this, added he, but that you were pleas'd to give me the diverſion of a Comedy which we will conclude, if you pleaſe, in my Wife's chamber, whom doubtleſs we ſhall finde aſleep, whilſt you have given your ſelf ſo much trouble in ſeaching for her here. The *Vice-Roy* whoſe head was full of

what

what his ſpys had told him, and of which he doubted not, ſince his Wife had confirmed it, took him at his word, and went with him towards his apartment.

As for the *Vice-Queen* ſhe had left them in a great diſpute which of the two was graced with the Largeſt Antlers.

They came into the Palace, and meet in the Guard-room the *Major* of the place, who waited for the *Vice-Roy* to deliver him the keys of the Town-gates, and told him, that *Count Henry* was juſt gone forth at one of the gates of the Haven, and had embarqued himſelf with a very handſome Lady whom he led with him. A Lady, replys the *Vice-Roy* looking on *Don Gabriel* to obſerve his countenace: You will finde, ſays the *Grand-Maſter* to him laughing; it is

ſhe

ſhe whom we ſeek. The *Vice-Roy*, without giving any anſwer to the *Grand-Maſters* raillery, askt the *Major* of what ſtature ſhe was, But he could give no exact account, becauſe they walk't faſt, and gave him but little time to obſerve them. The *Vice-Roys* heart notwithſtanding, miſgave him that it was no other then *Donna Angelica*: and running to her apartment to know the truth, he found in effect that ſhe was abſent, and came preſently with the news to her incredulous husband, hoping he would loſe no time in purſuit of her. *Don Gabriel* was for the preſent a little aſtoniſht at it; but like a man of ſence, by the *Vice-Roys* example, he would not afflict himſelf overmuch, and told him, that ſince his Wife was not as ſhe ought to be, the Count had done him

a

a favour, ridding him of her: ſo that the poor *Vice-Roy* being afflicted on both ſides, and made a cuckold too in the bargain, fell to conſider what he ſhould do with his own Wife; but he found his condition common to ſo many husbands, that comforting himſelf with others in the like circumſtance, he reſolved not to part with her, and I think he did well.

A Cuckold! none more a la mode *then he*
The number does increaſe ſo much;
Who names a husband means a property,
And their Wives uſe them all as ſuch.

FINIS.

THE POSTSCRIPT to the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

MY Occaſions not permitting me to be preſent at the Printing of the firſt four ſheets (the greateſt part of this Book) I found, when I had time to peruſe them, that ſeveral alterations had been made in my Copy by another hand, in ſome of which I found a Dialect to which indeed I was much a ſtranger, though it ſeems, it is very familiar to my Correctour; as *inclined to the yellows*, in the 3. page. line. 6. *began to be quite and clean out with him.* p. 62. l. 12. 13. *knight-*

knight ſervice. p. 20. l. 12. *a piercing wit of his own.* p. 47. l. 7. And (which moſt ſurprized me) that abominable florid phraſe, *faſt taken in the amorous limetwigs.* I meet with ſome conſtructions made falſe in the mending, as that of the 49. p. beginning in the 4th. line, and ſome others. They could not be corrected becauſe the ſheets were finiſht, ſo that I am forced to trouble you with this Poſtſcript, requeſting that ſuch faults be not imputed to me.

Farewell.

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